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By the man . . . for the men in the service

ARMORER'S VIGIL

A GI's Four-Page Report From Embattled China

STARTING ON PAGE 2

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SOMEWHERE IN WESTERN CHINA, INFANTRYMEN WAIT FOR AIR TRANSPORTATION TO THE EASTERN FRONT.

Report

In three stories from the Far East, a GI sizes up the Jap threat to China, talks with Maj. Gen. Chennault about the Fourteenth Air Force and describes life as Yanks live it in the country of our embattled ally.

By Sgt. LOU STOUMEN, YANK Staff Correspondent

CHINA—An early Allied victory is a far-fetched thing to think about in blockaded, mountain-locked China. For here, alone among the world's battlefronts, where the second World War really started and where some of its final battles may be fought, is an Axis army still attacking and advancing against a poorly armed, war-battered neighbor.

Today there are two main fronts in China. To the south, on the borders of Burma and French Indo-China, Chinese troops—with the aid of the Fourteenth Air Force and a few American liaison and supply specialists—are making a successful advance against strong Japanese units over the highest battlefield in the war. These Chinese forces have crossed the Salween River, the Volturno of the CBI Theater, and are moving up the Himalayan windings of the China end of the Burma Road. Since Gen. Joe Stilwell's recent capture of Myitkyina in Burma, a meeting of his forces and those of the Salween (which means the opening of the new Ledo-Burma Road) has become a matter of only a short time. But that junction will not mean the end of the blockade for China in any real sense — the Hump route now carries more tonnage to China than the Burma Road ever did in its best days. What China needs is an open port.

The second land front, and the more important one, is in the east. And the fighting in the east is not going well.

Moving south from Hankow and north from Canton, strong Japanese armies are making steady progress in their dual drive to neutralize the forward airbases of the Fourteenth Air Force and to get control of the north-south railways from Hankow to Canton, French-Indo China and Malaya, thus relieving pressure on Japan's depleted merchant marine in the China seas. Several advance American fighter and bomber bases in eastern China have already had to be abandoned, including the vitally important airfield at Kweilin. Jap forces have once again captured Changsha and overrun Hengyang after a sustained and bloody siege.

Loss of the advance airbases is the more serious blow to Allied operations in China. Planes based on those fields, the forward echelon of Maj. Gen. C. L. Chennault's Air Force, performed daily prodigies of destruction of Japanese shipping, transport, supply dumps and field armies. Their forced withdrawal to rear bases reduces the striking power of the fighters and medium bombers against enemy targets on the South China coast, making tougher the softening-up process that was preparing the way for future American landings in that area.

The Chinese mean business in their defense of the vital eastern corridor. They recently executed a general who commanded front-line troops at Changsha, probably figuring that since he himself got out alive, he had not resisted the Japs sufficiently. Another general was also shot for failure to carry out instructions to defend Chuanhsien, a strategic rail town whose fall forced American airmen to abandon their Kweilin base.

Not many people in China talk any more about an internal Chinese collapse before the end of the war. Bales of crisp Chinese money continue to be flown over the Hump, and the inflation remains as tragic as ever. The people, except for a few merchants and profiteers, are threadbare and lacking in most luxuries as well as many necessities. A ricksha coolie may earn 800 Chinese dollars a day, after he has paid for the rent

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of his vehicle; but this is little to feed, clothe and house his large family where one noon meal just for himself may cost 150 Chinese dollars and a cake of good soap may cost 400 Chinese dollars.

But the ricksha coolie is a fortunate man compared with the people of the salaried middle class, whose pay has not kept pace with the inflation. A certain professor of a Chinese university, exiled from his campus because the Japanese have captured it, draws a salary of 4,500 Chinese dollars per month (about 23 U. S. dollars) with which to care for himself, his wife and four children. He ekes out a subsistence by creating scroll paintings in the classic manner for sale to GIs.

ASIDE from economic troubles and the reverses suffered by its ill-equipped armies, major political difficulties beset the one-party government of Chiang Kai-shek. Without gas, motor vehicles and proper telephone service, it is difficult to administer the vastness of China from Chungking. Provincial governors levy their own taxes, control local armies and are often unresponsive to tactfully worded directives from Chungking. A vigorous "thought control" directed against political heresies is enforced upon newspapers, universities, students and public speakers by under-cover agents of the Chungking Ministry of Education. Many intelligent Chinese bitterly resent this "thought control."

There is also the major problem of the Communist areas. In northern Free China, centering in Shansi Province, a socialist-minded military leadership has instituted moderate land reforms, relatively honest administration and a program of mass education. The people of Shansi maintain large armies which could well be used for concerted action against the Japanese instead of operating chiefly as guerrilla forces behind enemy lines as they now do.

But Chiang Kai-shek has believed it necessary to establish a blockade within a blockade against Shansi, keeping large units—perhaps 500,000 men—of some of his best armies on the Yellow River frontier to watch over the armies of Shansi. As a result, a possible total of one million Chungking and Shansi soldiers are marking political time in that sector instead of fighting the common enemy.

Before the present war Chiang and his Kuomintang Party waged bloody war against these Communists, forcing them on their celebrated "long march" from southeastern China, where they had begun to organize cooperatives, to the mountain borders of Tibet and up to their present territory in the north.

The Chinese almost to a man hope that peace between these two factions can be achieved by democratic and peaceful means and that China can move steadily forward toward constitutional democracy. There are already signposts pointing in this direction. Chiang has promised that the Chinese Constitution, already published, will go into effect after the defeat of Japan. The right of *habeas corpus* has been officially granted by the Kuomintang Government. And it has been arranged for Chungking delegates to visit Yenan, the Communist capital, to exchange views.

Despite this disharmony and all the war-born economic and military ills, China will not collapse. Allied victories in Europe and the Pacific, as well as the China-based B-29 raids on Japan, have been powerful stimulants to Chinese resistance. The land of Cathay is ancient and patient and she has been fighting this war for more than seven years. She will bear more years of suffering and struggle.

China's soldiers have been beaten and beaten again. But they have also won local victories. They are good soldiers, as Americans who have fought beside them in Burma and China can testify. Without any of the heavy weapons of modern war, without even shoes and adequate food, they have fought bloody delaying actions against the modern Jap armies with dignity and heroism.

Typical of this fighting Chinese spirit was this simple last message to Chiang Kai-shek from the commander of the Hengyang garrison:

Our enemy made a breach into the city through the north gate this morning. Heavy street fighting is now raging in the city. Almost all my officers and soldiers have been wounded or killed and there are no more troops to halt the advance of the enemy. However, we swear to die for the sake of our party and our country. We will endeavor to perform our heavenly duties as soldiers and will never dismerit your life-long characteristic teachings. I fear this may be the last telegram. Until we meet again in the next life!

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Report from CHINA

CHENNAULT AND THE FOURTEENTH

HEADQUARTERS, FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE, CHINA —Maj. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault, the school teacher from Water Proof, La., who built and commands the Fourteen Air Force, thinks the war's end is a lot closer than it looks.

"Japan," he says, "will fall within six months after the end of resistance in Germany.

"I base this opinion on the belief that Allied power will be shifted into use against Japan very quickly after the fall of Germany, or even shortly before. The airplanes can be flown over, and there will be plenty of tonnage for shipments by water.

"I also believe that Japan has staked everything on offense, and that she has no resources for more than six months of defensive war against superior and aggressive enemies who will strike her from all sides."

The optimism of Maj. Gen. Chennault's prediction is somewhat paradoxical. For today, alone among U. S. air forces, the Fourteenth is harder pressed than ever and its forward airbases are fewer than they were six months ago.

In spite of the rabbit-like growth of the Fourteenth's forces and the hard blows it has struck against the enemy, Jap ground troops have in recent months captured or forced the Americans to abandon the forward fields of Hengyang, Paoching, Lingling and Kweilin. The big difference between the Fourteenth and all other U. S. air forces (except the Twentieth and its B-29s) is that the others fight in close cooperation with well-armed offensive ground troops, while the ground troops of the Fourteenth are the underfed and underarmed Chinese armies. As a result, a superior air force has lost its bases to superior ground troops.

ON your way to see Maj. Gen. Chennault, you walk up a long curved road from the main airfield to Fourteenth Air Force headquarters. You encounter a convoy of horned water buffalo, hauling two-wheeled dirt carts toward a construction project. Mounted on the shaggy back of each animal is a Chinese child or an old person. (The full-grown and the strong are all in the Army, in the rice fields or doing heavy construction work.) You pass by this slow-moving caravan and presently enter the guarded gate of a walled compound. Its one-story buildings of mud brick, neatly painted with white lime, are Fourteenth Air Force headquarters.

You are a few minutes early so you inspect the general's small waiting room. The first fixture you notice is the general's brunette secretary.

On a low smoking table is an ashtray surmounted by a model of a shark-nosed P-40 that looks ready to bite the hand that feeds it ashes. Draped on one wall is a black banner brocaded with gold Chinese characters. On another is a Chinese painting with an English inscription: "Presented to Maj. Gen. Chennault by the Trades Unions of Hengyang." And you remember how the defenders of Hengyang fought to the last.

All these Chinese decorations remind you, too, that Maj. Gen. Chennault has been fighting this war since 1937, when he first came to China to train the country's embryo air force, to set up a system of airfields and an air-raid warning net and to study Jap air tactics by flying against them.

Then came the American Volunteer Group, the first of a long line of shark-nosed flies Chennault threw in the Jap ointment. Next was the China Air Task Force—the China-based unit of the Tenth Air Force, organized in July 1942. Chennault, commissioned a colonel (he'd retired as a captain in 1935) commanded it. In March 1943, the China Air Task Force was reconstituted as the Fourteenth Air Force with Chennault as CG.

Your musings are interrupted by the good-looking secretary: "The general will see you now."

You step onto a thin rug, the only luxury in his bare office, and salute. Outside, in the compound, things are very GI, but the general replies to your highball with a firm handshake.

The general's face looks its 55 years—creased and pockmarked, like the weather side of a rocky mountain. Somehow he reminds you, too, of a veteran football coach.

You ask him when he thinks the war will be over, and he gives you the six-months-after-Germany prophecy. Then you ask him about the Fourteenth's policy on rotating troops.

"The Fourteenth's policy," he says, "is the War Department's policy. Air crews are relieved whenever they show signs of war weariness or combat fatigue. When they really need it, air crews are given a rest and if possible sent home. Ground troops are rotated on the basis of 1 percent per month. Naturally those men who have the longest service overseas go home first. For physical disability or serious disease, air and ground men can be sent home at any time. However, I warned my men we had a war to win and would go home when the war was won."

You have noticed that the general is slightly hard of hearing. And you recall that this failing, common to old-time open-cockpit flyers like Gen. Arnold and Lt. Gen. Spaatz, was the reason for Capt. Chennault's retirement back in 1935, so now you speak a little louder.

"General," you ask, "how do you expect the situation in China to develop?"

"Well," he replies, "the present drive is economic as well as military. The Japs have wanted to wipe out our forward airbases, of course. But they also want to establish land lines of supply for food and industrial products. They want a north-south railway. Japan has lost a terrific amount of shipping to the Fourteenth and our Pacific forces, and the plain fact is that the remaining shipping will no longer sustain the Empire.

"We know that the Japs planned a two-month campaign. They picked the rainy season for it, thinking the weather would cause us trouble. But we sent many hundreds of sorties against them per month, more than they ever expected. Jap tactics have always been better than their strategy. It seems to me that they started the present campaign one year too late. Even if they should succeed in completing the drive from Hankow to Canton, it would take them months or a year to rebuild the railroad and get anything out of it. Now they are already behind schedule, their outer defense ring has been broken at Saipan and Guam, and it's too late for them.

"The Japs may realize this and decide to sit tight. Or, having accomplished the destruction of a sizable Chinese army, they may decide to withdraw, as they did before at Changsha. But it's likely they will pause to regroup—this will take a little time—and then try to push farther south."

YOUR next question concerns the tactics evolved by the AVG and the Fourteenth AAF.

"I take a rather broad view on the use of air," the general says. "I've found that air can be used as infantry, as machine guns and as artillery. This is exactly what we've had to do in China. We've had to make up for the Chinese armies' lack of heavy weapons. We've worked very closely with the Chinese armies and have played the role of heavy ground weapons for them. They are courageous defensive soldiers, but they lack offensive firepower.

"In air combat our work has been more conventional. The AVG score from Dec. 20, 1941, to July 17, 1942, was 299 Jap planes confirmed. We lost eight planes in combat although there were also operational losses. We made a careful study of the relative advantage of Jap planes and the American planes furnished us, and exploited our strong points and avoided display of our weaknesses. We gave our pilots highly specialized training. We refused to maneuver. We avoided turning combat. We insisted upon two-plane-element teamwork. These principles produced results in safety to our flyers and losses to the Jap.

"The China war makes special demands on airpower. We found it necessary to use fighters as bombers. We installed external racks on P-40s. Down on the Salween we once destroyed a whole Jap regiment by fighter strafing and bombing. Up at Tungting Lake our P-40s have cut Jap steamboats in half by strafing alone.

"We've even used bombers as fighters. Last fall the Japs were giving our supply planes trouble over the Hump. So on Oct. 27 we sent a formation of B-24s over the Hump. The Japs mistook them for cargo-carrying C-87s—there's no way to tell the difference at a distance—and the 24s knocked down five Jap aircraft. On the way back, the formation was attacked by another squadron of Jap fighters and shot down six of them. Since that time we've had little trouble.

"The Jap is particularly vulnerable to surprise. We change our tactics, weapons and bomb types often to keep him on edge. We've been using a lot of parafrags over water. We've found that parafrags dropped on water will explode parallel to the water's surface and do a lot of damage. Another tactic we've been using is skip bombing."

YOU ask the general to describe the biggest nuts the Fourteenth still has to crack.

"Our biggest problem," says Maj. Gen. Chennault, "is getting enough supplies to operate with. We still have to cannibalize parts from one plane to put another in the air. I can get a new plane easier than I can get a box of paint.

"Gen. Stratemeyer (Maj. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer, CG of the Eastern Air Command) and Gen. Hanley (Maj. Gen. T. J. Hanley Jr., CG of the Air Transport Command) have been doing a very thorough supply job for us. But the Fourteenth is the most remote U. S. air force. We're blockaded; everything we get has to be brought to India and then flown across the Hump. It takes a long time to get us new weapons and crews. And we can't afford to expend time and supplies on training.

"I don't expect we will ever get enough so that my operations in China will be decisive in this war. But the steady and increasing attrition we are inflicting on the Jap is considerable. If we can support the main and fatal blows from the Pacific by containing a large Jap air force within China, we figure we will have accomplished a great deal and have done our job."

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WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR CHINA GIs

Some Yanks in China out to see the sights in the shopping district, learn they're something to look at, too.

CHINA—For the GI, life in China is neither soft nor hard. There are in the world better and worse stations. The American soldier may live in a barracks with a tile roof turned up at the eaves and corners like a pie crust. This is romantic and something like the China he expected from looking at Chinese prints and seeing Charlie Chan movies. However, his romantic roof is likely to leak when it rains and the mud walls of the building may crack and buckle. Sharing his quarters are spiders, fleas, mosquitoes with a two-inch wingspread and fat rats.

Cut off from the rest of the world by the Japanese, the sea, the world's highest mountains and the wastelands of Mongolia, the GI well appreciates what the years of blockade have meant to the Chinese. His magazines, except for YANK (the CBI edition is printed in Calcutta) and the air edition of *Time*, arrive late or not at all. His Stateside mail takes from two weeks to two months to reach him.

China is one of the few U. S. stations where troops are not supplied with a beer ration. Across the Hump in India, U. S. soldiers receive regular rations, but air-freight space over the Hump is much too precious for hauling beer.

The one grudge China GIs have against YANK is the published photograph of a bunch of 'em at Fourteenth Air Force headquarters drooling over a case of genuine Stateside beer. The picture caption announced that beer had at last arrived in China. Last Christmas the headquarters men, by some aerial sleight of hand, did manage to get a couple of cases over the Hump for a Christmas party. But that was the first and last time it happened. And China GIs feel that this picture (supplied to YANK by the Fourteenth Air Force PRO) was a vile slander.

China is one of the few places in the world today where the pay of the American soldier does not make him a relatively rich man. He can buy anything at all in China, from a 1942 custom-built Buick to a magnum of Piper-Heidsik champagne—if he has the dough. But a good restaurant meal costs him $2 to $4 in American money at the current 200-to-1 exchange rate. A $1 Brownie camera costs him $12. A 10-cent pocket comb costs him $2.50. And a bottle of good Scotch will nick him for $250.

There are, however, ways to beat this inflation at its own game. A carton of PX cigarettes, which costs the soldier less than a buck, can be sold to a barracks houseboy for $12 or to a shopkeeper in town for $15. Since the current ration is four cartons per man per month, an unscrupulous GI can thus add $45 to $60 to his monthly pay. If he gets really ambitious and a little crazy in the head, he can also sell his carbine; with two loaded clips, it will bring $750. And a jeep will bring 10,000 black-market U. S. greenbacks. The Provost Marshal's office naturally frowns on the sale of Government property, making it the quickest way for a GI to get back to the States (and Leavenworth).

THE food dished out in China mess halls is not exactly sumptuous. Practically none of it is GI from over the Hump, and China is crowded and hungry. At one or two out-of-the-way stations where GIs are few, the food is tasty, well prepared, varied and plentiful. At other stations it consists mostly of water-buffalo meat, potatoes, rice, eggs, strange local vegetables (including tons of cucumbers), small sweet cakes and indifferent coffee. At some forward bases, vitamin tablets are rationed daily, one to a man.

The great metropolitan cities of China—Shanghai, Canton, Hong Kong, Peiping and Hankow, with their paved streets, treasures of ancient art, movie houses, race tracks and Western hotels—are all still in Japanese hands. What the GI sees of China today is really its back yard—its farm country and its third- and fourth-rate cities, jam-packed with refugees, poverty, disease and dirt. It is possible for a GI to spend 30 months of service back here (some have done it) and not once get out of his nostrils the smell of the human and animal manure with which the good earth of China has for centuries been fertilized.

Opportunities for recreation are limited. The Army maintains some rest camps, which provide soft beds, good food, and mountain and water sports. The Red Cross does what it can. And Special Service distributes overseas editions of popular U. S. magazines, runs USO camp shows (the Paulette Goddard and Ann Sheridan troupes have visited China this year), and arranges Sunday outings to lakes and mountains. But it's all still pretty dreary and monotonous.

CHINESE customs are so strict that few girls of good family are allowed out with GIs, even if the GIs manage to hurdle the language barrier and ask for dates. There are practically no Stateside women here except Army nurses, Red Cross workers and missionaries.

In most cities near Army posts there are plenty of "dancing girls" on duty at "night clubs," where wheezy Chinese orchestras play American swing tunes in fox-trot or waltz tempo. Here the lonely GI can dance with one of the girls for several hundred Chinese dollars an hour, and share with her a bottle of wine.

Aside from the noxious "fruit" wines and the almost-as-bad *Yuna* wines, there are two somewhat drinkable types—a mulberry wine, by-product of silk production, which tastes like a slightly alcoholic grape juice, and a colorless rice wine, otherwise known as *jing bao* (air-raid) juice, which looks and smells like potato vodka and tastes like an industrial chemical.

As for the dancing girls, some of them are ugly and most are passably attractive. A very few are beautiful. Even some who don't dance will take a walk with the lonely soldier. But the places they walk are generally off-limits. Venereal diseases are widespread in China; besides the usual varieties, there is a peculiarly unpleasant one known as "the Chinese rot."

Souvenir hunters in China can pick up embroidered and brocaded Mandarin coats ($100), Chinese officers' daggers ($7) and jade jewelry (the sky's the limit on this stuff). Also to be had are scroll paintings, ancient and modern; silver water-cooled pipes; sculptures in wood, ivory, jade, bronze and stone; and household utensils of flexible Foochow lacquer.

All in all, the people of China have been a pleasant surprise to the American soldiers. Within their war-limited means, many of the Chinese have been friendly and hospitable to GIs. Flyers of the Fourteenth Air Force, XX Bomber Command and Air Transport Command, who have had to bail out over China, have returned to their bases with stories of being housed, bathed, feasted and wined by the people of each town they passed through. Many American lives have been saved in this way, and by Chinese guerrillas who have risked their own lives to lead bailed-out flyers back through Jap lines.

In the rear areas, particularly around Chungking, local Chinese magistrates have entertained as many as 200 GIs and officers at one time, with no rank distinctions.

Along with gunpowder and printing, the Chinese must also have invented courtesy. Everyone smiles here, the poorest and hardest working, even the foot soldier trudging along a dusty road under a great weight of supplies.

THE Americans doing the hardest fighting in China today are undoubtedly the pilots of the shark-nosed P-40s, who fly as many as four strafing and bombing missions a day. Next in line are the officers and men of the heavy and medium bombers who fly against the Japs as often as supplies of gas and bombs will permit.

Aside from the Air Force, Americans play only a small if vital part in the China war. There is not even a squad of American Infantry in China. But liaison, intelligence and communications men are up front with all the fighting Chinese units. It was M/Sgt. William B. Hayes of Lakewood, Ohio, who stayed with his air-raid warning equipment at Changsha until the city was surrounded on three sides by the Japanese. From a mountaintop he directed Fourteenth Air Force attack aircraft against Jap installations until the last possible minute, then made his way back through the enemy lines.

From the China terminus of the Hump air route, vast convoys of coughing and battered trucks, driven by armed GIs for as many as 17 hours a day, fan out toward the fronts, carrying the materials of war.

These convoy life lines, supplementing the vast air-freight deliveries within China, are the roughest motor hauls in the world. Their tortuous mountain routes go so high in some places that the laboring carburetors pant for oxygen as if they were human. Occupational hazards for the GI drivers include wash-outs, landslides, bandits, unsafe bridges, air strafing and artillery fire. It is not as romantic to die under the weight of an ancient truck at the bottom of a roadside chasm as to be listed as "missing in air action over China." But some Americans have died this way, and they are just as dead as the DFC men on the Air Forces' casualty lists.

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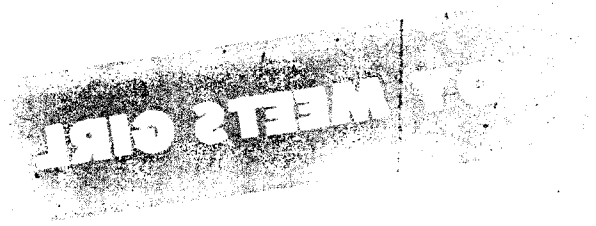

DEHYDRATED TRAINS. On Saipan, the Japs used these midget locomotives to haul sugar from plantations. The Marines have taken over the model railroad and are remodeling and reconditioning the tiny trains to carry U. S. military supplies. If locos start to boil dry, they can always be refilled from canteens.

AN ADVANCED BASE IN THE ALEUTIANS—There's an outpost on the island where almost every man reads backward as well as forward. They've been up here a year, but that's not the reason.

The reason is their mess hall. It's too long and low to show movies effectively from one end to the other. So the screen is hung in the middle, and men are seated on both sides. With a thin, transparent screen it works very well, and both sides get a good look at the picture. But half the audience sees everything backward.

Once you get used to it you don't mind, they tell me. After a year in the Aleutians, little things like that don't matter. But to me it seemed strange to see men shaking hands left-handed or a piano with the bass keys on the right.

"The trouble with you," said a character on the screen, "is that you haven't got it here." He pointed to his heart, on the right side of his chest, but nobody in the audience objected. Even stranger was a newspaper on the screen with all of its printing reversed. The audience read it aloud without any trouble.

Lena Horne, the main reason most of us were there, looked as good as ever when reversed.

—Sgt. RAY DUNCAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Yanks at Home Abroad

Stolen Thunder

IRAN, DESERT DISTRICT — The most discouraged Sack in Iran is a GI who must be nameless.

After a couple of years in this furnace, he was ready to try anything to get out. So he went around making faces at people, bucking for a Section Eight.

"The first guy I tried this on made faces right back at me," he reports. "A doc saw him and sent him home. I'm still here."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

CLARK'S CLERK. In Italy, Wac-steno Sgt. Geraldine Horne takes a call on the field phone for her boss, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark.

How Forts Helped the Warsaw Patriots

By Sgt. TOM DAVISION
YANK Field Correspondent

HEADQUARTERS, EASTERN COMMAND, RUSSIA—Shuttle missions no longer cause any excitement here, so when a force of Flying Fortresses droned in from the west, nobody lost his place in the chow line.

The Forts peeled off quickly and, at intervals of a few seconds, came clanking down on the steel-matted landing strips. There seemed to be a few more feathered props than usual, a few more depleted echelons, and men standing close by could see gaping flak holes. It might have been just another mission, but it wasn't.

These Forts—more than 100 from Eighth Air Force bases in England—had flown over Warsaw, the Polish capital, that afternoon through withering flak at an altitude 6,000 to 9,000 feet lower than their usual bombing level. And they had carried no bombs.

Near the center of Warsaw, a city with some of the world's heaviest defenses against air attack, the lead bombardier made his final corrections and gave his signal. The bomb bays opened and tons of weapons, ammunition, medical kits, rations and clothing went parachuting earthward.

A few of the chutes failed to open. Some were blown beyond the target area. Most of them fell where they were intended—into the hands of besieged Polish patriots fighting against the Germans on barricades inside the city.

Short on everything but courage, these patriots had risen from the underground some two months earlier, when it seemed that Germany was cracking under the blows from the eastern and western fronts. But the German rulers of Warsaw had called out their forces, and the outnumbered and outgunned patriots held on only by desperate infighting.

For weeks British-manned Liberators from Italy slipped through at night to drop supplies. Later Red Air Force planes also lent a hand. But no formation had flown in strength to bring aid to the Warsaw patriots.

The Fortress crews knew they were in for it. The previous missions, even on a small scale, had been costly. And the American flyers knew that their low altitude would make them all the more vulnerable to fighters and flak.

"The single 'bomb run' must have lasted about 20 minutes," T/Sgt. Robert Houpt of Sullivan, Ind., who has flown 23 missions, said later. "For just about half that time I was never in such heavy flak in my life."

S/Sgt. Lawrence Kaplan of the Bronx, N. Y., agreed. "I got a real bird's-eye view of the stuff," he said. "While the bomb-bay doors were still open, I looked down. There must have been 100 heavy-caliber gun flashes every few seconds, and they all seemed to be pointing at me. I didn't look down very long."

There were casualties from the flak, and two ships went down. Over the center of Warsaw, the escorting Mustangs encountered about 50 ME-109s. Four of the attackers were shot down. One of these was claimed by Capt. H. W. Browne, a leading fighter pilot of the European Theater, who raised his score of kills to 27.

The weather was bad during most of the flight and did not clear until the Forts neared their Russian base. Dusk was deepening on the Ukraine steppes as the last plane settled down on the steel matting.

Guam 'Possum

PEARL HARBOR—Marine Cpl. Fred Hofmann Jr. of Hoboken, N. J., is alive today because he played dead with eyes open for six hours one night on Guam.

Hofmann was brought here with a shattered right shoulder, blown apart by a Jap grenade 1,000 yards outside Guam's capital, Agana. The marine was with three other men in a six-foot trench when the grenade exploded. Two of the others also were wounded. Hofmann felt blood rushing from his back and whispered, "I'll be gone in five minutes."

From the noise he could tell there were many Japs coming his way. He stretched out face up with his eyes open. The other three sprawled themselves across each other and near enough so they could signal silently by twitching their muscles.

Five times that night the Japs looked closely into the trench. Hofmann was afraid one of them would see his wrist watch gleaming in the moonlight and come after it for a souvenir. None did, although once a Jap came over and tapped Hofmann's leg with his rifle butt.

At daybreak help came. —Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

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Gen. MacArthur goes ashore on Morotai beach.

LOADED WITH EQUIPMENT, BUCKING THE WATER, INVADING YANKS WADE IN FROM LANDING CRAFT.

'Down Under' Moves Up

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
& Sgt. CHUCK RATHE
YANK Staff Correspondents

MOROTAI ISLAND—The GIs who scrambled ashore on Morotai Island on the morning of Sept. 15 were too busy to think about it at the time, what with wallowing in the surf up to their belt buckles and keeping an eye peeled for Japs, but they had just made quite a geographical change in the war. They had moved it over the Equator.

The Fifth and Thirteenth Air Forces had crossed the line before, pounding Palau, Yap, Truk and more lately the Moluccas, and Mindanao in the Philippines themselves.

But for nearly two years the war had been completely "down under" for the footsloggers who had come up the Guinea coast. They had begun at Moresby, 9 degrees and 30 minutes south latitude. Now they were on a beach two degrees on the northern half of the world. They had knocked the South out of the Southwest Pacific.

The ground forces of Gen. Douglas MacArthur and the Naval task force of Adm. Chester W. Nimitz were joining in a coordinated drive against their objectives, continuing the joint action first begun in the Hollandia operation back in May.

The Naval task force made its rendezvous with the troop ships which had started out from way down the coast of British New Guinea several days before D Day. The GIs were considerably heartened by the sight of the great armada.

It was 0430 on D Day when the troops were called from their sacks. At 0515 the Navy called general quarters. There were many planes in the air, and the gun crews were alerted for each one that approached, but they were all U. S. planes. Only one Jap bomber appeared to make a pass at the beach, and that was on the day after the landing. He was chased off and shot down by Naval fighters.

The cruisers banged in salvos at Halmahera Island, 12 miles from Morotai across Morotai Channel, and the convoy moved in with the LCIs in the lead, ready to put the assault troops ashore. The LSTs slipped inshore and the carriers faded back like a backfield preparing for a pass.

It was 0830 when the first wave went ashore. The landing was made against opposition consisting of one machine gun and two snipers. They didn't last long.

About the only ones who landed with their clothes dry were those in the first wave, riding in buffaloes and alligators. A coral reef 75 yards offshore during low tide stopped the LCVs, the LCMs and the LCTs cold. That meant that almost everyone else, including Gen. MacArthur, waded ashore. Many a GI was thrown on his can by jagged coral and slippery mud.

Once ashore, though, the going was simple enough. The coconut groves were a big improvement over the average jungle. Once vehicles had been winched ashore they crashed along without the usual vanguard of bulldozers.

In two deserted native villages there were neat bamboo fences. The place seemed almost civilized. GIs sat under palms, leaned against fences, drank coconut milk. It was almost like a recruiting poster.

Early in the afternoon a patrol flushed seven Japs in a pillbox. They were killed. Five of our men were wounded. During the night another handful of Japs threw themselves against a section of the perimeter. They succeeded in getting themselves killed.

On the night of D Day, most of the landing craft retracted from the harbor. There were several alerts during the night, but they all turned out to be phonies.

By noon of D Day plus one, the bulk of the heavy equipment was ashore and the construction of another milestone on the road to Tokyo was under way. Rations, ammunition, tenting and thousands of other items were piled up on the beach in dumps scattered through the coconut groves.

On the abandoned airstrip—a mile stretch of relatively high flat ground and the only thing that makes Morotai important—aviation engineers were shooting survey lines and massing equipment for the biggest job of the operation. Morotai—as GIs digging foxholes soon found out—is mostly coral. The engineers seemed happy about this. They had visions of a fine coral airstrip. Their enthusiasm waned a little when it came to digging foxholes for themselves.

Since the Admiralties landing of February, which turned the flank of operations westward, the strategy of this theater has been devoted to securing a line of airfields along the eastern coast of Netherlands New Guinea to provide a springboard into the Molucca Islands and on to the Philippines. This was part of the pattern.

This Week's Cover

STANDING on the wing of a Mustang fighter, Sgt. Andrew Adamchik, armorer with the Fourteenth Air Force, China, scans the sky for aircraft returning from a mission. The picture was made by YANK's Sgt. Lou Stoumen whose comprehensive "Report from China" appears on pages 2, 3, 4, 5.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 5—INP. 6—Upper right, Sgt. Bill Young; lower left, Signal Corps. 7—PA. 8—Upper, Harry A. Atwell; lower, Pvt. Pat Coffey. 9—Upper left, Pvt. Coffey; others, Sgt. Justus Scholtzhauer. 11—Left, PA; right, Signal Corps. 12 & 13—PWB. 18—Upper left, AAFCC, Pawling, N. Y.; center left, PRO, Camp Breckinridge, Ky.; lower right, AAFTC. 19—Lower left & right, AAFTC; others, Signal Corps. 20—Universal Pictures. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, Sgt. Bob Ghio.

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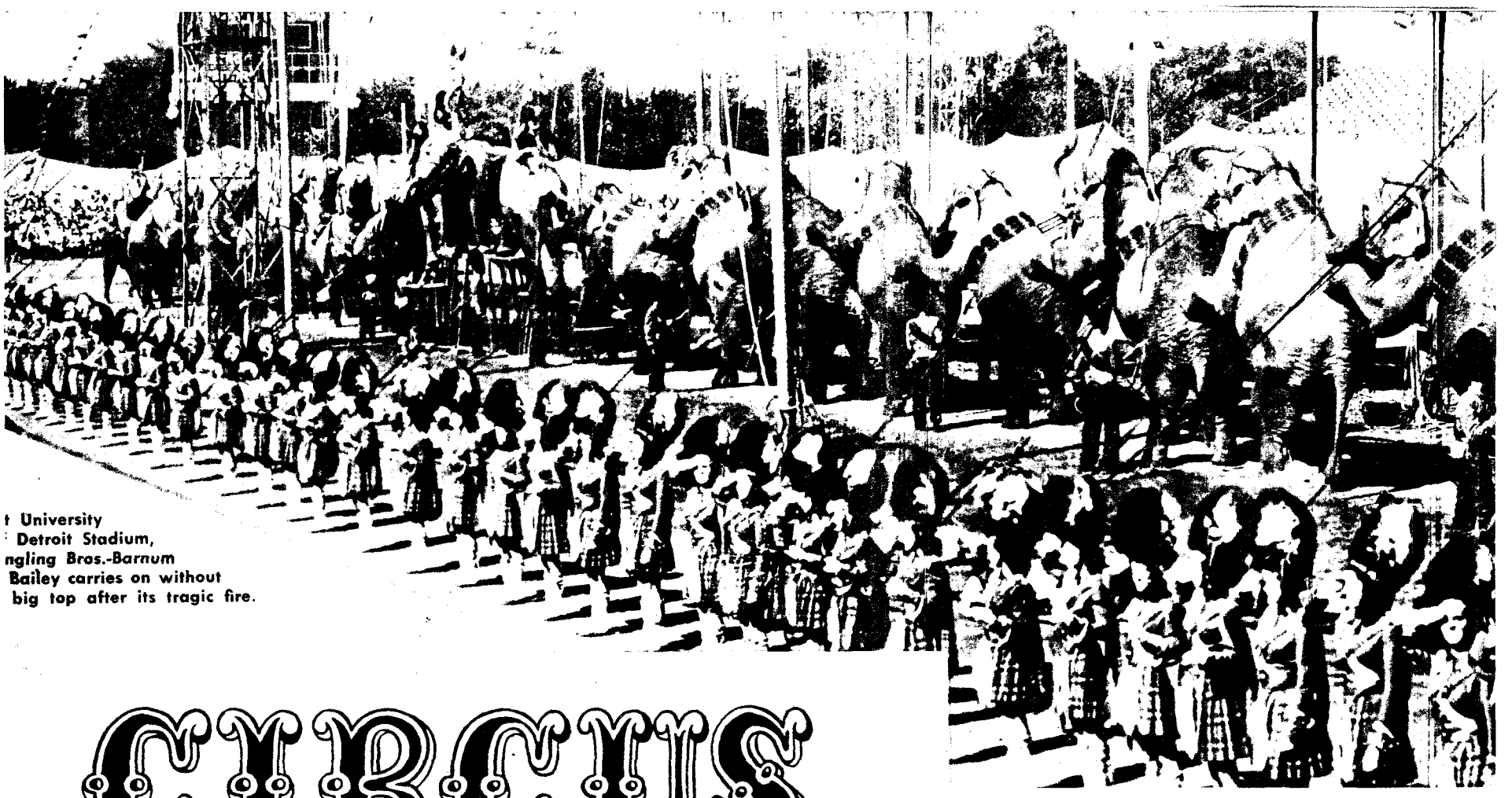

t University
Detroit Stadium,
ngling Bros.-Barnum
Bailey carries on without
big top after its tragic fire.

CIRCUS IN WARTIME

By Sgt. JUSTUS SCHLOTZHAUER
YANK Staff Writer

AFTER the big top was up, Harry Hunt had hurried uptown to pay for the license at the City Hall, settle the newspaper bill, wire money to the billposters, try to talk a garageman out of a carburetor for truck No. 37 and order a bill of goods at the wholesale-grocery house.

Harry Hunt

Hunt Bros. Circus was playing a small Eastern city for the 41st time in 52 years. Charles T. Hunt had started the show in 1892, the same year he was married. His family had grown up with it and most of them were still with it—two of his three sons and their wives, his other son's wife and her mother, his daughter and his niece and their husbands. His youngest son, Sgt. Edward Hunt, was in the Army and so were his three grandsons.

While Harry was uptown, Charles Jr. had seen to getting the seats and the rigging up, he had tended to the grooming of the ring stock and of the show's three elephants, he had checked the side show, doctored a sick monkey and taken care of forty-eleven other details. Then he had put on his riding breeches and red coat and blasted his whistle to start the matinee.

Twenty minutes after the performance was under way, Harry quit work on No. 37 and got into a quick make-up and an ankle-length fur coat for a couple of clown numbers. Between times he took up his trombone and sat in with the organist and drummer (pinch-hitting for a band). The matinee over, Harry went back to No. 37. All too soon it would be time for the night show; then it would be time to tear down, load and move on to the next town.

It was the circus in wartime, and doubling in brass was more than a figure of speech.

Hunt Bros. was one of a couple of dozen circuses that kept going in 1944 in face of tremendous odds. They ranged all the way from the Big One (Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey) and Cole Bros. to little family shows like Beers-Barnes and Al G. Kelly-Miller Bros.

The circus picture had changed in America since the last war. In the early 20s there were about a dozen good-sized circuses that traveled by railroad; by the late 30s there were but two. Circus business scraped bottom in 1938 when such famous titles as Hagenbeck-Wallace, Al G. Barnes and Robbins Bros. joined Sells-Floto, John Robinson and Sparks on the shelf. In the meantime, however, motorized circuses had come into their own—shows that traveled the highways as the "mud" shows did in Grandfather's day, except that paved highways and motor vehicles let them travel farther. Some achieved sufficient size and prestige to play Class A cities. The others catered to the circus needs of county-seat towns and whistle stops.

"Were it not for [these] smaller shows," Murray Powers wrote for the Associated Press last spring, "many an American youngster would never know the romance of sawdust in the big top. . . . The shows are good and bad in quality, just as some movies are good and some are poor. All of them have that traditional circus atmosphere—the big top, the side show, the midway, the cook house, the 'grease joint' (midway eating spot), the opening spectacles, the Wild West show. They all have horses and dogs and ponies, most of them at least one elephant." They also had long lines of cash customers.

WITH the well-heeled folks back home seeking release in amusements, the war brought a new era of prosperity to the circus. Shows that had barely managed to survive the lean years were able to make peace with their creditors. One actually grossed more money in a single record day than it did in a whole month in 1938. Old titles were revived and new ones appeared. Bailey Bros. was framed with leased rolling stock and animals. Dailey Bros. went from trucks to railroad cars. Benny Fox's Star-Spangled Circus played nothing but Army posts. Only wartime shortages stood in the way of still more and bigger circuses.

Everything needed to run a circus was scarce, from tents to water pails for the padroom, from tires to rubber bands for the folding money in the office wagon. Circuses literally reached the end of their rope—manila rope, at any rate—and had to make out with shoddy substitutes. No elephants went hungry but sometimes they ate Johnson grass instead of timothy. And the lions and tigers went on a steady diet of horse meat.

Despite cooperation of the ODT, transportation was a problem. Moves of the railroad circuses (three in 1944) were subject to delays, and anyone who owns an automobile can imagine what the truck shows were up against. A policy of shorter moves and longer stands, whenever justified, helped save both travel and labor. Though the smaller shows still stuck pretty much to the traditional one-day stands, the larger ones would frequently play the same spot anywhere from two days to two weeks—or longer. Ringling's spring engagement in Madison Square Garden, New York, lasted 44 days, and Clyde Beatty-Russell Bros. stayed on the Washington-Hill lot in Los Angeles for 24 days. When long moves were necessary they were sometimes accompanied by one-day lay-offs—something unheard of in normal times. Beatty-Russell laid off six days to make a 1,350-mile jump from Spokane, Wash., to Grand Island, Nebr.

BIGGEST headache of all was manpower. Ads in *Billboard* for "useful people in all departments" failed to get their usual response, even with promises of "top salaries, finest accommodations and a long season."

The "generally useful" clause in performers' contracts took on a new significance. Clowns, acrobats and animal trainers doubled as ticket-sellers, candy butchers and ushers; they drove trucks and frequently were called upon to help with the canvas, seats and props.

Women dominated many circus programs and they, too, had plenty of doubling to do. Some did the work of men—like Hazel King, who was in charge of Dailey Bros.' horse department. A regular chore for circus girls was setting up grandstand chairs—playfully known as "chairy pie." There were extra domestic duties, too, such as washing clothes when laundry service just wasn't.

Oldtimers, some of them called out of retirement, helped many of the circuses to function. Eight department heads with Mills Bros. had put in an aggregate of 294 years on circus lots—an average just under 37 years per man.

Youth also served Town boys who flocked to circus lots at daybreak "to work their way in" were in ready demand for such tasks as carrying poles, jacks and seat lumber, leading ponies and doing KP in the cook house. The work they did in the morning was performed in reverse on the tear-down at night, and it was not uncommon to

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see parents waiting to take young sons home after the last stakes were picked up.

It's a matter of tradition how circus children start training as soon as they can walk, but in 1944 child performers sometimes held feature billing. Take the DeRizkies with Hunt Bros. Francine, 15, and Lucy, 11, both did trapeze acts; they worked with their dad in a juggling act; then Gayle, 5, joined them in the family's equilibristic act, and Frank Jr. 3, showed up for the surprise finish. Sandra didn't appear, but then she wasn't a year old yet. Wallace Bros. featured the Gallagher Family of child acrobats—Betty, Bonny, Patsy, Mugsy and Jimmy—stairstepping in age from 14 to 7. The owners of Dailey Bros. billed their 13-year-old daughter, Norma Davenport, as "America's youngest elephant trainer."

All departments of the circus were tapped by the armed forces without discrimination, but it was in the dressing rooms that the effect was most apparent. Some troupes had to reorganize; others had to disband entirely. The Flying Behees were split up when Robert G. Behee, now a coxswain in France, went into the Seabees. Other aerialists like Bob qualified for the Seabees because of their knowledge of ropes and rigging—and the circus way of getting things done fast. But most circus recruits set classification clerks frantically leafing through their ARs and *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*. The classification system did not work so happily for all as it did for Pvt. Alexander Konyot and Pvt. George Hanneford Jr., two horsemen who were assigned to the Cavalry. There was no precise MOS rating, for instance, for Pvt. Damoo G. Dhortre, a wild-animal trainer from India who was with Ringling before he got into the SSTG at Camp Sibert, Ala.

Only a few performers had a chance to keep on doing their acts after they got into uniform. Sgt. Belmonte Cristiani was in "This Is the Army." The Ted DeWayne trio enlisted together and their acrobatic act was assigned intact to the Coast Guard Band. Pfc. Gene Randow Jr., who wore clown's motley before he donned khaki, formed a unit to entertain the soldiers fighting a waiting war in the Caribbean. Pfc. Ryerson Gaudet, a wizard of the tight wire known professionally as Ray Goody, did the same thing in Alaska and the Aleutians; then after a year's tour he was sent back to line duty. By and large, the circusmen who became servicemen wound up as plain GIs.

The people who ride bicycles three high on wires 20 to 40 feet above ground perhaps contributed more men proportionately to the fighting forces than any other type of circus act. Of eight such troupes in the U. S. before the war, four had to quit and one of the others is now composed entirely of girls. A list compiled by Pfc. Johnny Risko at Camp Maxey, Tex., though incomplete, shows 14 high-wire boys in uniform, half of them overseas and at least two wounded in action.

With their men off to war, what of circus wives? Most of them, it seems, continued to troupe, their services more needed than ever. There were four girls in the aerial ballet of the Beatty-Russell Circus whose husbands in service were all top-flight flying-trapeze artists—Sgt. William Krause in Italy, Harold Genders S2c at the Bainbridge (Md.) USNTC, Sgt. Phil Escalante at Camp Barkeley, Tex., and CPO Eldred Sleeter in the South Pacific.

It was on the same show that Norma Rogers received notification that her husband, Sgt. Lee Powell, USMC, had been killed at Saipan. He and Norma had met while he was a Wild West star on Wallace Bros., then managed by Norma's father. Norma's grief was no less than if she had been a housewife in Malvern, Ark., but at the next performance she was in ring No. 1 putting her five elephants through their paces.

In war as in peace "the show must go on" spirit prevailed. The going was rough, but circus folks were accustomed to rough going. For years they had fought rain and mud; floods, droughts and windstorms; crop failures, factory shutdowns and strikes, hoof-and-mouth disease, polio epidemics, the competition of night football games, the vigorous tactics of opposition shows and the shake-downs of grafting politicians. The exigencies of war were only another challenge to their resourcefulness and they prided themselves on the way they were meeting it.

Then one afternoon early in July the worst catastrophe in circus history struck. In 10 dreadful minutes fire swept the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey big top at Hartford, Conn., and brought death to 168 of some 6,000 spectators and injuries to 200 more. Most of the victims were children and women, engrossed in the simple pleasures of an afternoon at the circus.

There were other touches of cruel irony. A few minutes later and the wild-animal delivery chutes that trapped so many of the victims would have been out of the way. Flameproofing of the canvas would have averted the whole disaster, but the necessary chemicals had not been available, according to the circus people, because of war priorities. "And so," wrote Beverly Kelley, "the circus went along as it had done for the past 60 years during which it never had a fire that took the lives of its guests. There was only one chance in tens of thousands that it ever would, but that chance was dated July 6, 1944."

Claims ran into millions. People said the circus was finished. A Mid-Western newspaper ran an editorial headed "THE END OF AN INSTITUTION?" But those holding such ideas did not reckon with the circus' indomitable spirit. Within a month after the fire, the Big One was again on tour, playing without a big top in open-air stadiums and ball parks. This policy had many disadvantages (the weather was the greatest), but the important thing was that the show once more was a going concern, pledged, in the words of its legal adjuster, "to pay in full, 100 cents to the dollar, every claim for which we are liable."

Other circuses, their business possibly temporarily hurt by the public reaction, promptly fulfilled stricter regulations imposed upon them as a result of the Hartford fire. Flameproofing materials, now made available, were applied to tents; exits were increased in size and number; fire-preventative measures were put in effect.

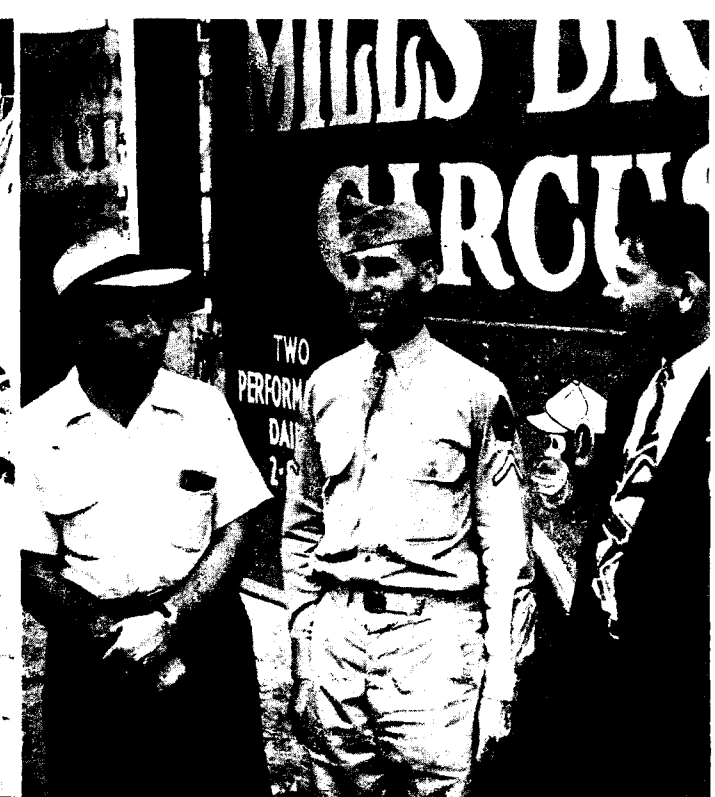
The Circus Fans Association of America announced that while it favored all constructive legislation it would use its influence to temper measures that might restrict circuses to an unjust degree. Said Tom Gregory of Akron, Ohio, president of the CFA: "Everyone in the circus world, and outside, is heartsick over this catastrophe. Time, however, heals such wounds of heart and mind. I am sure that cool heads will prevail and that the public . . . will insist that [the circus] be helped by every measure that will insure the safety of those who want to enjoy the thrills of the big top."

Melvin D. Hildreth, a Washington attorney and past president of the CFA, computed that in 60 years the Ringlings had given some 21,000 performances without a similar tragedy. "Perhaps, however, we learn the hard way," Mr. Hildreth continued. "From the Iroquois Theater fire [572 lives] we secured improved exits and asbestos curtains, from the *General Slocum* disaster [1,030 lives] life preservers on shipboard. From the circus fire we will have fire-resistant canvas that will make another such tragedy impossible."

A post-war circus, not only with flameproof tents but also with seats of safe, durable, lightweight metal, may be expected.

Town kids willingly fill circus labor needs: "guying out" big top of Bailey Bros. at Warsaw, Ind.

Wash day for Gracie Genders on lot of Beatty-Russell Circus at Hastings, Nebr.



Ffc. Harry Mills, on furlough, with brothers Jake (left) and Jack at their circus in Northville, Mich.

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The Nazi stood with arms upraised while his clothes were searched. Whenever his arms sagged, a prod with the business end of a rifle made them jerk up.

Pushing Into Germany

Women queued up for food and kids played marbles in Belgium, but across the border GIs at the Siegfried Line had a tough deal.

Ferreting Out a Nazi

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE BELGIAN-GERMAN BORDER—Many of the German prisoners taken here seem surprised to learn that the American forces are in Belgium, let alone Germany. They say that according to their radios the Allies are supposed to be still trapped back of St. Lo. They're beginning to believe, however, that this report isn't altogether true.

Even though the Americans only recently reached this point, the war was carried here long before their arrival. The shops and houses along the water front at the town of Liege show many marks of Allied air raids. The main bridge across the Meuse, destroyed by the Belgians in 1940 and reconstructed by the Germans, was wrecked again by the Germans when they cleared out of Liege several weeks ago.

Their last, most wanton act was to send tanks filled with dynamite charges down some of the main streets. Many civilians were killed and a number of houses were damaged.

Right now women line up in long queues for bread and meat rations, and small children play on the curbstones with tops, marbles and ammunition belts.

The other night, members of the Belgian resistance movement, helped by an American MP, rounded up a sniper. He was a German soldier in civilian clothes. In a search of his flat, they found uniforms and campaign decorations and flashlights with red and green detachable lenses.

The German was a big middle-aged man with stiff gray hair. His Belgian girl friend, a tall brown-haired woman with two big white buckteeth, went to jail with him. The former Gestapo headquarters were inside the city jail. Lights blazed along the corridors of the jail and a generator hummed steadily. They put the German up against the wall and stripped him.

He stood with arms upraised while his clothing was searched, and whenever his arms sagged momentarily a prod with the business end of a rifle made them jerk up again. He was sweating but not because it was hot. Once he broke out into a sudden rush of French. He loved the Belgians like crazy, he said, and what he wanted more than anything else was to live in Belgium when the war ended. He shut up when it was obvious that no one was paying any attention to him.

MOST of the towns in this area were taken over by Belgium after the first World War and were retaken by the Germans in 1940. As a result, all the shops have German signs, but there are Belgian flags all over the place.

The first regimental CP in Germany was a long, low country house built around a stone court. It belonged to a man who had fled some time earlier. A couple of violins—imitations of a Stradivarius—were in an enormous cabinet in the living room. Glass broken by a delayed action mine that had gone off in a nearby field littered the stone terrace outside.

The battalion CP farther along, by way of contrast, was located in a segment of the Siegfried Line itself. Set deep in the heart of a forest of tall pines, the emplacement had walls eight feet thick. Inside, the rooms were small, dark and stifling, with triple tiers of bunks lined up against the walls like steerage in a troopship.

Some of the pillboxes around here have double embrasures from which machine guns on movable platforms can sweep the country from east to west. GIs who have won them, sometimes with tank destroyers and sometimes by individual action, now occupy these pillboxes. One sergeant came across an empty pillbox recently and decided to let things ride. When he returned that way several days later, he found the pillbox locked and a couple of Nazis in it. A pound of TNT dropped down a ventilator induced the Nazis to come out.

As far as the tanks were concerned, everything had come to a standstill. In the thick woods in this sector, the only use for tanks was to have them send an occasional burst over the trees in the direction of the enemy, or to go out on patrol and try to probe a particularly unpredictable stretch of country. Work like this left the men tense and watchful. One tank driver said: "From now on, in peacetime, when I'm driving my Ford V-8 down the street and come to a corner, I'm going to make my wife get right out and take a careful look around the corner before I go any farther."

A variety of prisoners have been taken by the Americans around Aachen. Among them are *Shutz Staffel* men, paratroopers, *Panzer* division troops and members of the *Luftwaffe* ground-crew forces. Some of the young boys and the middle-aged men among them said they had been in the Nazi Army only two or three weeks before they were captured.

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Shells and Some Medics

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE, GERMANY [By Cable] —The Germans are shelling this hillside heavily, and to the bearded soldiers digging foxholes in the mist that is a source of ironic satisfaction. Now at last the Germans are shelling their own soil.

We are in the Siegfried Line, occupying some of the concrete bunkers won by the Americans after hard fighting. The fighting is not over yet; the Germans know this terrain well, and they have managed to infiltrate behind our bunkers with grenades, machine guns and flame throwers. And the fighting has begun again within the bunkers themselves. From the German side, flame-throwing tanks are attacking the very pillboxes that were shelled a short time ago by American artillery on the other side.

Our ridge is one among many, only a few hundred yards apart, and every gun—Jerry or American—echoes a thousand times, the sound bouncing back from the hills like the voice of a Swiss yodeler.

Last night was a terrible night of German fire and infiltration. But through the heavy fog and the darkness, medics came up the mountainside to get the casualties. They shoved their jeeps through the mud and across the narrow Ouren River, past a stone marking where three countries meet—Luxembourg, Germany and Belgium. They climbed slowly around the mountain along a corkscrew road and up onto the bare slope where the infantrymen were inching forward—and where you are so exposed to German fire that you feel naked.

Through the confusion of men moving in the dark, of the rattle of machine-gun and small-arms fire and the roar of artillery, the medics hunted for casualties, loaded them into jeeps and brought them down the mountainside.

This morning the men on the hill were digging themselves in deeper and Maj. Benjamin Owens of Carbondale, Pa., walked around the hill from foxhole to foxhole where his men were working. He knew many of them by name and greeted them and said "good morning" in a gentle voice. They looked up at him, grinned and said: "Hello, major, how are you?" The major pointed to T. Sgt. Joseph Passel, a tall, thin, bearded boy who was passing by. "There goes what used to be a pretty big boy," the major said. Passel walked slowly, like a sleepwalker.

Capt. Hans Shiffman of Santa Rosa, Calif., a medical officer, came up the hill looking for some of his missing medics. He went into the CP in one of the concrete bunkers and spoke to Lt. Col. Benjamin Trapani of Scranton, Pa. The colonel and his unit had been in action from Normandy to the German border.

The leveling effect of combat had been working on the colonel and, with his tired eyes, his beard and his lack of insignia, he was just another weary soldier, talking slowly with the distinct effort that is necessary at moments of extreme fatigue.

A jeep came up the hill to the CP and a soldier jumped out waving two letters and yelling: "Here's some mail for you, Joe." Another soldier came over to a lieutenant and said: "The doctor's orders are for you to eat a hot breakfast this morning." The lieutenant held up what looked like a sandwich and said: "I've already got it, and you tell him 'thanks'."

Capt. Shiffman had scouted the mountainside and had found all the lost medics except one. He was probably holed in with one of the companies and would show up eventually.

A soldier came over and said: "Captain, I had some shrapnel brush along my chest here and it hurts."

"Pull up your shirt," said the captain. The soldier pulled it up and the doctor looked at his chest and at the faint mark along the ribs. "It's just a bruise," said the captain.

The soldier stood there expectantly.

"I suppose you want me to say you can go down, but I can't," said the doctor, not unkindly. "Do you really think you're hurt badly enough to go down below? You know, if there's one less on this hill—. Do you think you ought to go down?"

The soldier didn't say anything for a moment. He stared around at the other soldiers digging in on the slope, then said, "No, sir," in a small voice and trudged off.

"All an infantryman ever needs," said the captain, "is a hot breakfast, a night's sleep, a pair of dry socks and the feeling of men to the right and left of him. He rarely has all of them at the same time."

We went down the slope, past the Ouren River and the stone marker, to a farmhouse across the border in Luxembourg, where the medics had rigged up a little aid station.

On the way down the hill, Pfc. Edward Crumback of Chicago, Ill., an Infantry scout who had been sent down to the valley for a rest, talked about the refugees in this area. They were a new kind of refugee—German civilians. There were 48 of them from the other side of the border and they had hidden in pillboxes in the woods when our shells started dropping on their town. But German soldiers had kicked them out and told them to go farther into Germany or else "go over to the Americans and get killed."

"So they came over," Crumback said, "and hid in houses until it became clear they weren't going to be killed. There was a pretty school teacher with them. She said the war would soon be over, but she was probably saying what she thought we wanted to hear."

Crumback paused and he looked thoughtful. "I was holding her hand the other day," he said broodingly, "until I figured she was a Nazi; then somehow I just couldn't go on doing it."

WHEN we reached the aid station, two of the medics—T-5 Emery Pendergrass of Lamar, W. Va., and T-5 Joseph Goodrum of Ohio, Ill.—were working on a man with a head wound. He was Pfc. Abraham Leiter of New York, N. Y. Shell fragments had ripped through his helmet, inflicting superficial scalp wounds—ugly and painful but not dangerous. All you could see of Leiter's face through his beard and the dirt were his eyes.

"I guess we'll wash away the dirt," said Capt. David Kaplan of Elmira, N. Y., "and cut the hair off around your wounds."

"A haircut? Okay," said Leiter, "but leave my beard, doc, will you?"

"Dammit, Leiter," said the doc, "you're just the way you were in garrison. You've got an answer right away. Sit still now."

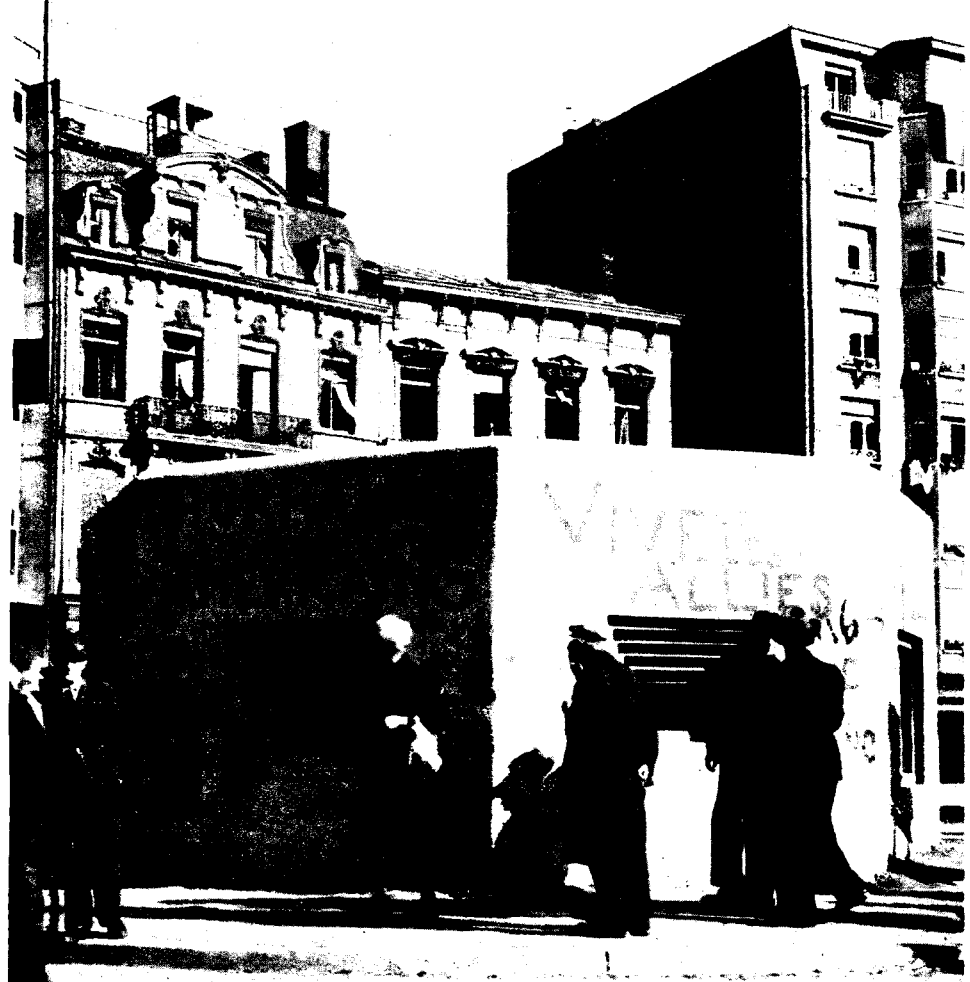
Leiter puffed at a cigarette in short, quick puffs. "You want to know the story, doc? You can't take a hill that's zeroed in and you can't take it with replacements."

"Getting pessimistic, eh?" said Capt. Kaplan.

Leiter lifted his head quickly and said: "No. That Jerry, there's only one thing wrong with him. When he gets a lot of lead thrown at him, he gets yellow. Right now we need some air to soften him up. Then we could take him."

He bent his head down in his arms so the medics could work easier on his wounds. From the bent head came the phrase, again and again: "Those guys on the hill—it's gonna be hell this afternoon."

As if Jerry had heard him, there was a single air-bursting shell over the valley. A little cloud of gray smoke settled over the Ouren River, an announcement of the impending battle. It was sunny now and the mist was gone. After that first shellburst came others, and little gray masses of smoke hung all over the blue sky.



A German pillbox in Liege, Belgium, is converted into an Allied publicity display. Townspeople covered it with "welcome" signs to greet advancing Yanks.

Americans move into part of Germany's much ballyhooed Siegfried line. GIs on one side of a concrete tank trap cover comrades in a jeep across the way.

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1 UNDER THE EYES OF FREE FRENCH GUARDS, 10 MEMBERS OF THE VICHY MILITIA STAND TRIAL IN THE GRENOBLE COURTROOM. ALL WERE FOUND GUILTY OF WORKING WITH THE NAZIS, CAUSING DEATH OF FRENCH PATRIOTS. SIX WERE EXECUTED; TWO OF THEM GOT HARD LABOR FOR LIFE; THE OTHER TWO, FIVE YEARS IN PRISON.

TRAITORS

Six young French collaborationists [illegible] militia who had helped the Nazis [illegible] in Grenoble. In this same [illegible] 32 French patriots had been [illegible]

2 ONE OF THE SIX SENTENCED TO DIE IS BOUND TO A STAKE BEFORE THE WALL WHERE HE WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD OF FREE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

3 ALL SIX MEN HAVE BEEN TIED. THE VICHY PROPAGANDA SIGN ON THE BUILDING IN THE REAR HAS BEEN MARKED OVER BY PATRIOTS.

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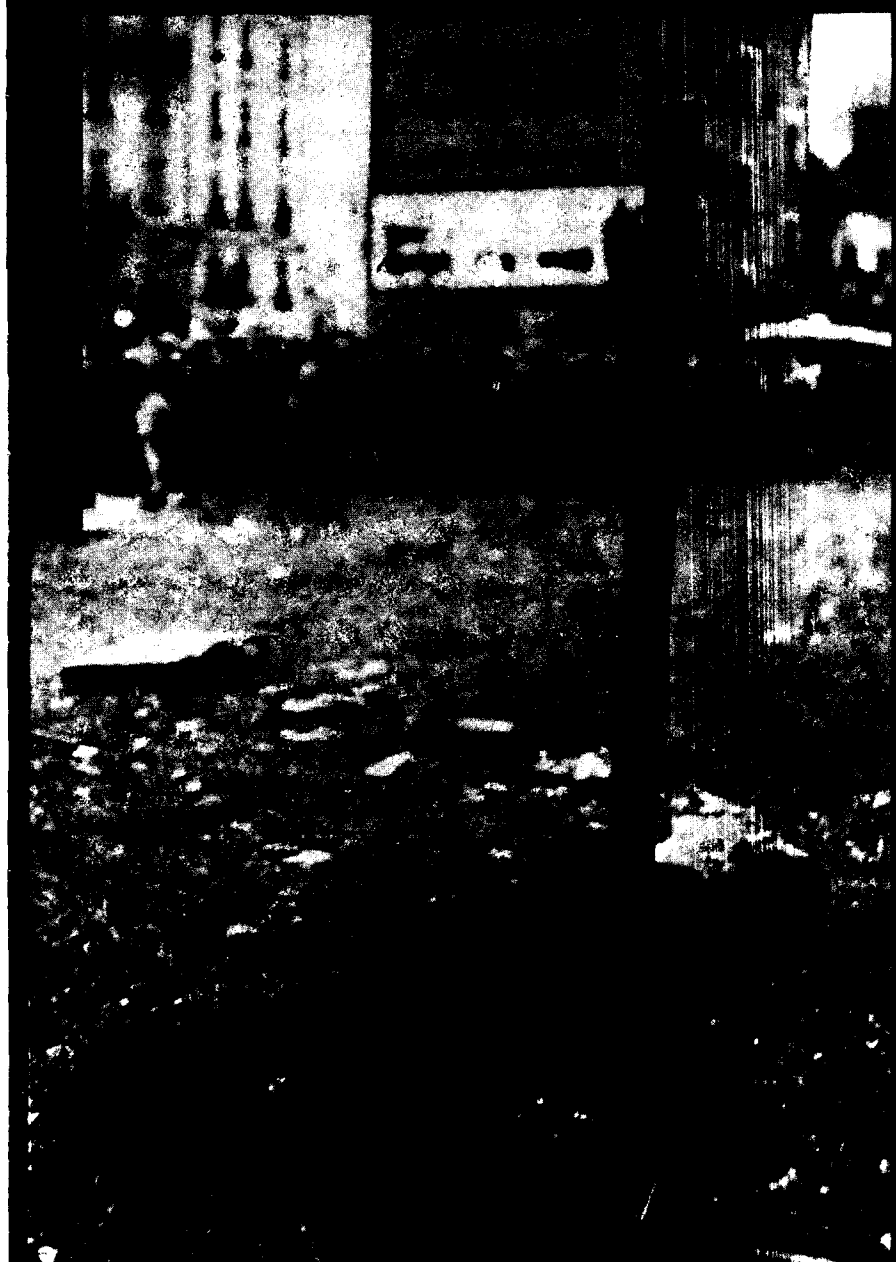
4 MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH FORCES OF THE INTERIOR FIRING SQUAD ARE HIDDEN BEHIND A CLOUD OF SMOKE FROM THEIR OWN VOLLEY. SOME OF THEIR BULLETS CHIP THE STONE OF THE WALL, THROWING UP LITTLE PUFFS OF DUST BEHIND THE SIX TRAITORS.



6 ONE OF THE SIX WHO PAID THE TRAITOR'S PRICE HANGS DEAD FROM HIS STAKE. FFI MEN PUSH BACK THE CURIOUS CROWD FROM THE SQUARE.

5 THE FIRING SQUAD LOWERS RIFLES AS AN OFFICIAL RUSHES FORWARD TO DELIVER THE *COUP DE GRACE* TO THE EXECUTED VICHY TRAITORS.

7 THE EXECUTION IS OVER, BUT THE CROWD STAYS. SOON THE CORPSES WERE REMOVED FROM THEIR STAKES AND CARRIED AWAY FOR BURIAL.

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MAIL CALL

American Superiority (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

...I hardly know how to express my gratification upon reading your article on "American Superiority." Yours has been the first publication to deal with a creeping paralysis of smug egocentrism which seems to have been spreading among the soldier population.

How easy it is to chortle our self-complacency, to refuse to be "our brothers' keepers," to avert our eyes from the suffering and travails of less fortunate people. How easy to blame it on those above and to forget our own short-sighted complicity in abetting fascism for so many years and appeasing it up to the very last minute. How many of us realize our good fortune is a mere accident of birth? To me it seems that the very least we can do to merit this privilege is to live up to the spirit of American democracy, [which] has never been to disregard the welfare of the rest of the world's common people.

If we have learned anything from this war it should be that selfishness and the "America First" conception of living are no longer compatible with this closely knit, interrelated world of today. Such thinking is the very basis of fascism. We must realize that our own welfare is linked with that of our fellow humans. We must—or we'll be back here again some dismal day.

Italy —Sgt. PHIL SELIGMAN

Dear YANK:

...Your article on "American Superiority" was a forceful, well-written picture of [the need for] tolerance. A booster shot of equality such as yours can do us a lot of good. As you pointed out we can very easily forget that spirit of brotherhood upon which so much of the future depends. . . . The next time you write such an article you might go beyond the point of showing that all people have the same brains and guts to start with and show why the United States has such a high standard of living today. It is evident that about the time immigration started, the old countries had more men to do the work than they had materials with which to work. . . . So all the different peoples who came to America made nature do the work that many men did in the old countries.

India —Pvt. GIBSON GRAY

Dear YANK:

...Americans are superior. To hell with these damn foreigners. The people in Africa and Italy shocked and disgusted me. There are poor sections in the States where people are unemployed but never in my travels have I seen the filth and wretched living conditions one sees over here. We in the States went through soup lines and depressions but we still did not let ourselves go to hell as these people have. These people make no effort to keep clean or to be clean.

...It's not the country you live in that tells you to change your socks or wash your face. And as long as the people overseas, the foreigners, are too lazy to try and better their environment, I say to hell with them.

Italy —Cpl. DAVID H. ANDERSON*

*Also signed by Sgt. Walter B. Prochnow, Sgt. H. Krántz, Cpl. Raymond J. Hammett and Cpl. James Shouse.

Surplus Property for GIs

Dear YANK:

I read the letter on post-war buying written by Lt. Chandler in a recent issue of YANK and I wholeheartedly agree with him. This is the first time I ever agreed with any lieutenant. I come from a farm and I've been thinking of Army articles I could use after the war, like jeeps, carbines and trucks. I hope Uncle Sam gives us a chance to buy from him, instead of selling out to big businessmen who in turn will sell them to us for great profits.

New Guinea —Pvt. TED DILLIS

Lasting Peace

Dear YANK:

A recent Army talk brought up the old question of post-war cooperation with our Allies. I believe this conflict has shown nothing more striking and conclusive than the fact that we must stick together after it's all over. . . . We and our Allies of the freedom-loving nations must combine into an international organization so potent in its scope that not even the most war-maddened and destructive tyrant or group of tyrants would ever again think of beginning a new assault upon the world.

...Naturally there are many, many differences among the Allies, but just as men live in peace and friendship with other men unlike them, so must the nations of the world. There never existed a finer opportunity for world unity against evil, even with all our contrasts, than at present.

Great Britain —Cpl. C. MOGENSEN

Privileges of Rank

Dear YANK:

Having seen the rapid transition of this island to a GI Army post, we who are sweating out our time down here are surprised at nothing. We put up with heat rash, long hours, poor chow and full field inspections without a bitch, but the other day something happened which gripes us no end. T-4s and up were issued mattresses, while the lowly worthless corporals, T-5s and privates were left to make the best of their two GI blankets.

Now, from our experience, it is the privates, privates first class and T-5s who do all the work, while the T-4s and higher ranks direct and supervise. So it seems to us that if anyone should be favored with mattresses it should be men of the lower grades. One of our main complaints in the Army is the exalted status of the first-three-graders. Now this better-than-thou feeling seems to be spreading down to T-4s. Is this the oft publicized "democratic" Army or just a first-four-graders' paradise?

Marshall Islands —T-5 ROBERT CUNNINGHAM*

*Also signed by 15 others.

In Defense of the Sack

Dear YANK:

Ah, for the woes of 2d Lt. Norman Lipkind, who piously intones that the Sad Sack has committed a violation of military courtesy in tromping upon the sacred words contained in *FM 21-50*. The lieutenant goes so far as to cluck his tongue in the direction of Sgt. Baker and suggest that he spend more time in the field. The lieutenant might find it more to his advantage from an educational standpoint if he spent more time behind YANK and less time behind *FM 21-50*. The so-called "environs of YANK" include a lot of bloody, battle-scarred bits of earth that have never been mentioned in a field manual. YANK is being capably handled by GIs, and so is the winning of the war. So let's both get the hell out of the picture and leave those guys alone.

Macon, Ga. —1st LT. AL V. BURNS

Dear YANK:

...The only gig I have ever had was given me by a lieutenant while I was on detail. Of course, he was right out of OCS and didn't know any better, but it proves Sgt. Baker was right.

Lowry Field, Colo. —Pvt. ADRIAN ROBBINS

Dear YANK:

....Many times on maneuvers we got a nice chewing for not coming to attention and saluting when digging our foxholes. I know just how the Sad Sack feels.

Camp Maxey, Tex. —Pvt. KEW GULDEN

Dear YANK:

In some parts of this camp each man on a detail salutes. It's an order. . . .

Camp Maxey, Tex. —T-4 D. J. JENKINS*

*Also signed by Sgt. A. J. McCarthy, Sgt. B. F. Sliger, T-5 A. Wiley and Pvt. T. Grabowski.

Dear YANK:

...I'll wager that Sgt. George Baker can match Lt. Lipkind FM to FM or AR to AR on any subject the lieutenant cares to discuss. . . .

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Cpl. JAMES D. FLOWERS

Furlough Time

Dear YANK:

The old Army rule says that if a soldier doesn't take advantage of this 30-day furlough allowance during a year, he loses that 30 days for all time. Is that fair to the men who are in positions where it is absolutely impossible to take furloughs? Isn't it bad enough that we can't take a break to go home at fairly normal intervals? Should we be further penalized by losing credit for that furlough time completely? Certainly some adjustment should be made so that we would receive some compensation for our continuous service.

Believe me, I don't begrudge the fellows who are in positions to take their 15 days every six months. But surely the fellows who can't take their furloughs should receive some kind of deferred credit or consideration, preferably in the form of accrued time. If we can't get the furloughs now, at least a rain check would make us feel a little better.

Marshall Islands —T/Sgt. JOSEPH A. CAPALBO

Prevent Depression

Dear YANK:

I have read about large corporations setting aside millions of dollars for reconversion and expansion of their plants and property. So far only promises are set aside for returning GIs and unemployed war workers in the post-war period. Why don't these corporations set aside equal sums of money for rehabilitation and reconversion of their employees?

Unemployment insurance will not be enough to support most families during reconversion, and the resultant reduction in purchasing power will start dragging us down to another depression. Surely the people who are fighting for this country are more valuable than business property. Why not invest in their future welfare?

Camp Claiborne, La. —Pvt. SYD BERGER

WAC Uniforms

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK there was a letter signed by several GIs who wondered why the Wacs were issued summer uniforms of gabardine while enlisted men were not even permitted to wear such uniforms if they paid for them themselves. The writers do not seem to realize that there is a difference between clothing millions of GIs and only a few thousand Wacs.

If the men who complained about the nice new WAC uniforms had not raised such a fuss over women in the Army, the Government would not have had to dress up the WAC in order to insure more recruits. By the way, the WAC dress uniform for summer wear is not gabardine but tropical worsted.

Fort Riley, Kans. —T-5 PRISCILLA R. REAMS

Dear YANK:

. . . We do not know why the Wacs got such nice new summer uniforms, but if it were up to us, GIs would also get light-weight uniforms for summer wear. Frankly we feel like heels when GIs complain that we get better breaks than they do. We didn't enlist for any such purpose.

Stewart Field, N. Y. —Pfc. RUSTY DENNING*

*Also signed by Pvts. Edna Kimmich and Peg Welch.

Dear YANK:

. . . I agree that there is no logical reason why we should get better uniforms than the GIs, but logic has nothing to do with it. When women come into the picture logic goes out. They needed something to stir up recruiting and the uniforms were the answer.

Fort Leavenworth, Kans. —Pfc. PEGGY NELSON

Comfortable Corner

Dear YANK:

While reading a recent issue of YANK we ran across the article called "Don't Wake Me, Let Me Dream," in which Pvt. Schmelze was asleep in a comfortable corner of a glider during the take-off for the invasion of France. There are two things we would like to know. First, how did he sleep through the sudden tension incurred upon take-off? And second, where the hell is that comfortable corner in which he was sleeping unobserved?

Italy —Pfc. CLIFFORD H. MILLER*

*Also signed by nine others.

Pay Cut

Dear YANK:

I, as well as thousands of other overseas returnees, wonder why we lose 20 percent in pay after being overseas for 18 months and more. Doesn't being over that long mean anything in the eyes of the public? We spend a couple of years overseas, then come home and are forced back to a private's pay, which means that we're in the same pay bracket as the recruit that has just come into the Army. Is that fair?

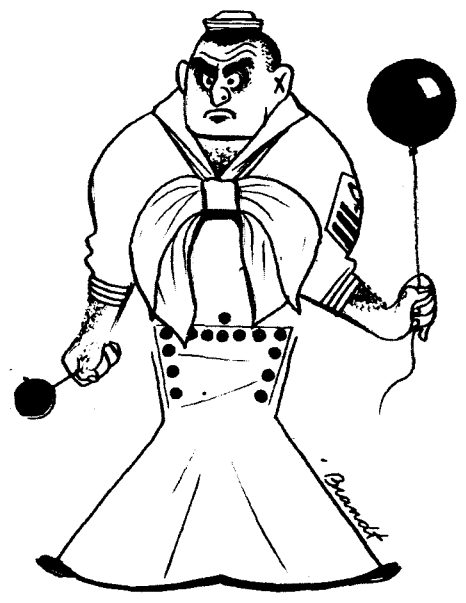
Fort Harrison, Ind. —Pfc. W. H. PRICE

Der Fuehrer's Face

Dear YANK:

Would you be willing to spend a dollar for a close-up view of Hitler? I think you would, and so would the 2 billion other people in the world. That's 2 billion dollars and we could raise another 1½ billion by throwing in Tojo, Goering and Goebbels for another 75 cents a peep. I propose, then, that the war guilty be placed in cages and sent on a tour of exhibition until every man, woman and child in the world has had a good look (and paid the admission charge, of course). This plan has three advantages that recommend it for serious consideration. First, the money raised would help pay the war debt. Second, it would teach the leaders of the "Master Race" humility. Naturally this humiliation would have to be dragged on for years. Third, it would give me an opportunity to throw a well-aimed grapefruit in *Der Fuehrer's* face.

Somewhere Overseas —T/Sgt. CHARLES MIDDLETON



Navy Uniforms

Dear YANK:

My bitch is about that outrageous beribboned, becollared, bebuttoned insult to a full-grown man, the Navy uniform.

The pockets aren't big enough, the collar gets in the way, the pants buttons are funny for just so long, the white stripes won't stay clean, the blue dress is too heavy for summer and the whites are a mess after 20 minutes. The neckerchief is as useless as the laces in the back of the pants, and that silly, stupid cry of "tradition, tradition" is ridiculous; not even authorities agree on the origin of the alleged customs. We're like Chinese women who bind their feet because their mothers and grandmothers bound *their* feet. . . .

I've been in the Navy for three years and I'm now on a shore duty survey, so I'm not a new guy shooting off my mouth. I'm mildly proud of my branch of the service, but I'm intensely angered by the pajamas I have to wear to work.

FPO, New York —WILLIAM C. RAND SK1c

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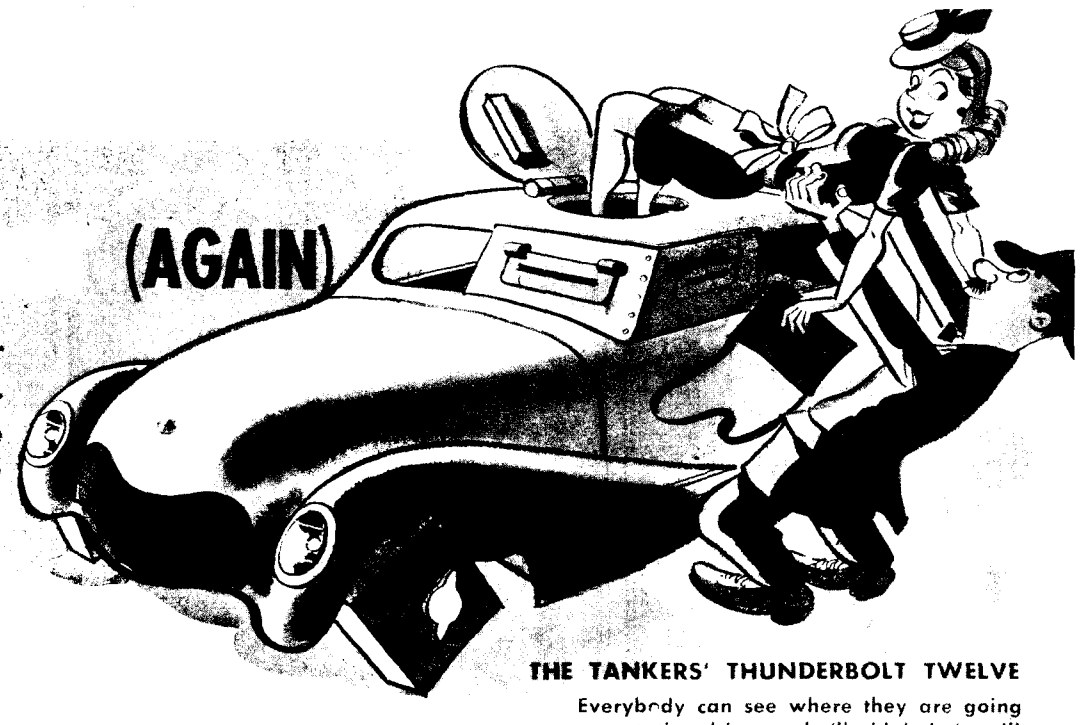
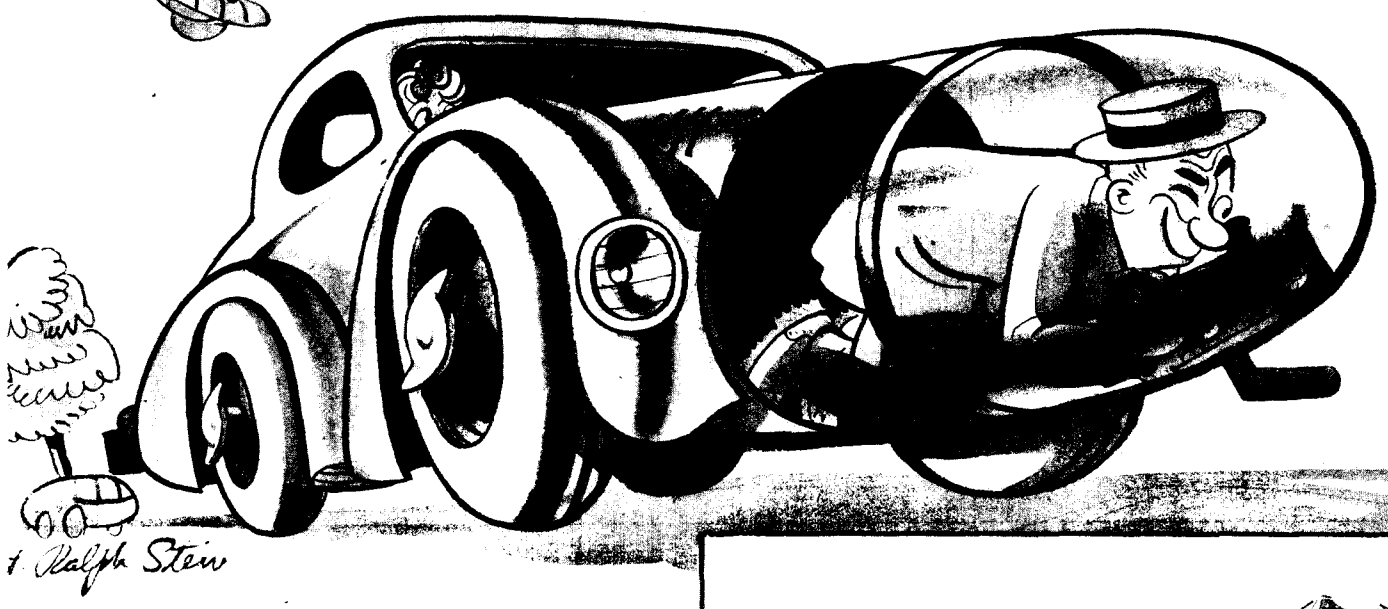
Hot Rods (AGAIN)

What's one man's Rolls-Royce is another man's poison. These designs for automobiles you won't want to come home to are by Sgt. Ralph Stein, who doesn't know when to apply the brakes.



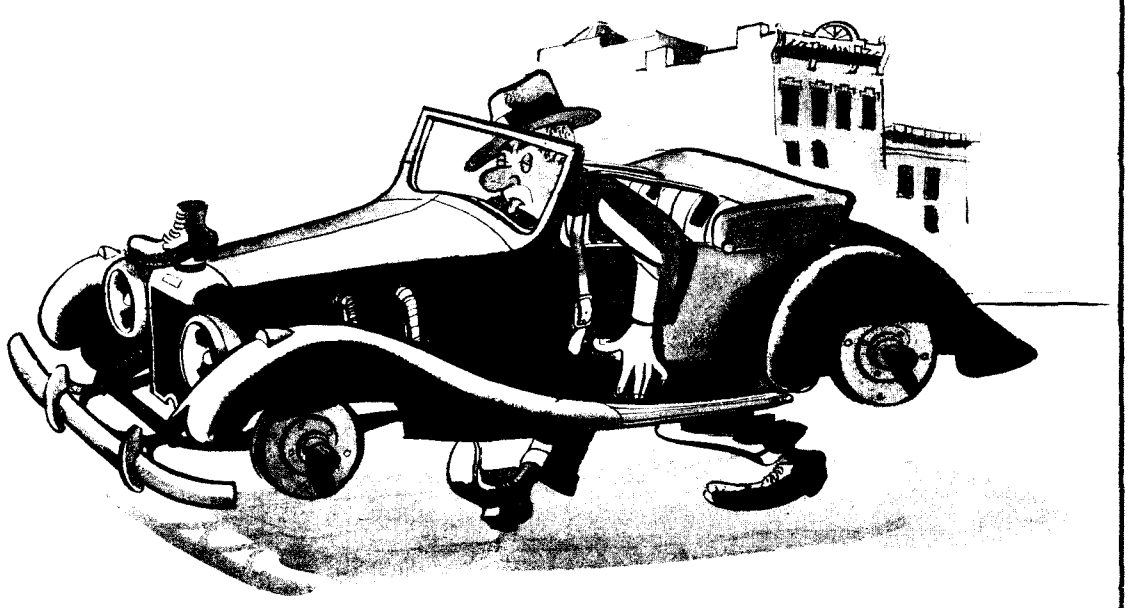
THE TANKERS' THUNDERBOLT TWELVE

Everybody can see where they are going except the driver, who'll think he's still banging along in his old M4. Note the interesting lack of doors and the square wheels for that good old bumpy feeling.



THE 50-MISSION DELUXE EIGHT

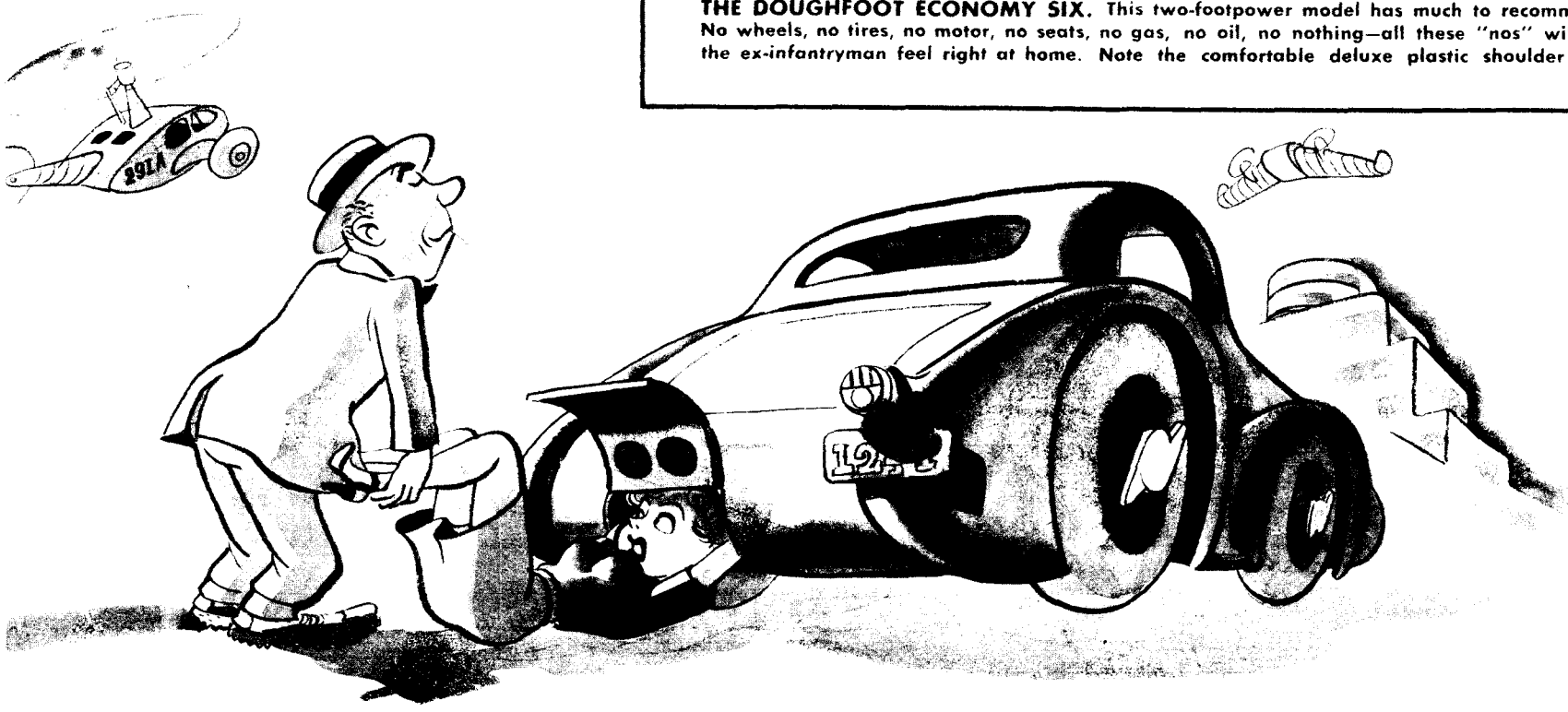
Think of the dramatic impression you'll make on your neighbors as you go down to the grocery store crouched over a bombsight in the plexiglas nose while your wife criticizes you over the intercom.



THE DOUGHFOOT ECONOMY SIX. This two-footpower model has much to recommend it. No wheels, no tires, no motor, no seats, no gas, no oil, no nothing—all these "nos" will make the ex-infantryman feel right at home. Note the comfortable deluxe plastic shoulder straps.

THE AIRCREW IMPERIAL

The ex-tail gunner has no need for doors. One of the chief advantages of this type will be the fun you'll have helping passengers in and out.



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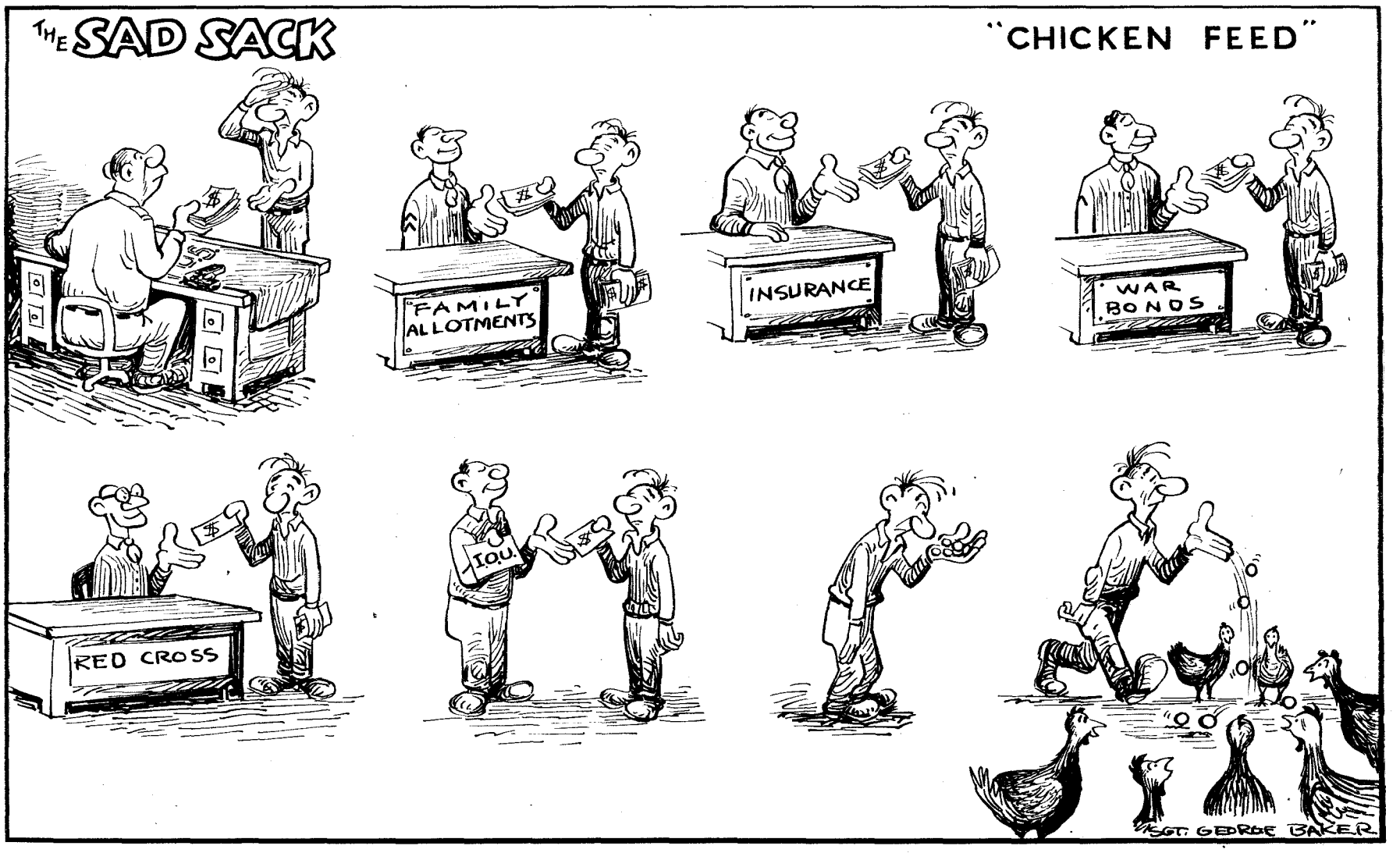

By Pfc. HOWARD SCHWAB

ITALY—A year in the Army really makes an impression on a man's life, not to mention what a full hitch can do to the ordinary draftee. Since recent events have indicated that the end of the war will come during our own lifetimes, many thoughtful souls are wondering what effect these many impressions will have on Johnny Doughboy when he becomes Mr. John Smith once again.

This is the way I see it:

At 6:15 (0615) in the morning, John bounds out of bed, pulls the covers back with a jerk from his trembling little wife, fills a bucket of water, throws it beneath the bed, grabs a soggy mop and begins to scrub away. While the trembling Mrs. Smith watches with awe-inspired eyes, her delicate boudoir throw-rugs will take on the appearance of a Florida marsh. By this time, husband John is hard at work rolling his various pants, shirts and neckties into neat little balls and stacking them all in a line in the mahogany chest of drawers.

Being a thoughtful spouse, he next hurries into the kitchen, opens all the burners on the stove, fills a five-gallon boiler with water, dumps in a pound can of coffee and as the sweet aroma fills the kitchen he expands his chest until his lungs fairly burst and, in a voice like a 155-howitzer propelling charge, calls out, "Chow." Too frightened now to dare disobey, the timid little wife hurries in to answer the call. As she spies John calmly soaking his dishes in the garbage can, which for some ungodly reason is filled with boiling water, she drops in a heap at his feet.

Being a first-aid man of great skill, hubby immediately recognizes shock. Whipping the breakfast cloth from the table, he thoroughly wraps up the "victim" in jelly roll fashion so as to keep the body warm, but wifey revives just in time to order him in a weak and terrified voice to turn her loose.

This part of the day complete, John clicks his heels smartly together and makes a snappy salute. The Mrs. stands there expectantly awaiting a good-bye kiss, but John does an about-face and marches sharply out the front door. One left turn and two right obliques, observed by the wondering neighbors, bring him to the garage. In no time at all, he has checked the gas tank, felt all the tires, wiped his windshield and checked all body parts for loose bolts. Finding his hands a bit grimy from the activity, he casually wipes them across his gray flannel trousers and drives cheerfully on his way.

As the cop holds up his hand to stop traffic, Mr. Smith reaches for his trip ticket but finds it isn't there. He reflects to himself that he doesn't have his dog tags either.

At the office, he ceremoniously jumps to his feet each time the boss enters the room. The boss, being a fatherly soul, advises him to see an osteopath for his lumbago. At 5:30 (1730) the whistle blows and quick-witted Smith, thinking it an ideal chance to miss retreat, bolts out of the door and heads for home.

THE Mrs., making another attempt at normality, upon his entrance advises him that the Martins are coming for a visit. "Oh, my aching back," exclaims John, and the worried wife rushes for the hot-water bottle.

Sitting at the table, Smith absent-mindedly fondles a spoon and finds to his horror that it is greasy. Without further ado, he sweeps the table clean and plunges dishes and silverware into hot water. He withdraws the dishes, steaming hot, from the water, turns the plates bottom side up, sets the cups on top and expertly lines them up with a piece of string.

The evening meal finished, Mr. Smith rises from the table, majestically scrapes his plate over the garbage can, deposits his dishes in the sink, smashes his hat on his head and dashes from the room. Next he emerges from the bedroom, revolver in hand, marches out the front door past the porch furniture and finally stops on the lawn. Here he removes his hat, lays it on the ground and then deftly sits down on it. Then he goes to work cleaning the gun.

This completed, he spots a pile of refuse on the grass. He nonchalantly kicks a hole into the fresh sodded lawn, throws in the trash and covers it over. The little lady, observing from the window with saucer-like eyes, has to brace herself as her cherished mate elegantly rips the paper from his cigarette and scatters tobacco and all to the wind.

As bedtime again approaches, Mrs. Smith creeps beneath the covers and peeps out to learn what will happen next. Several minutes later, Mr. Smith marches up to the bed, snaps off the light and in a commanding voice bellows: "Fall in."

If the matter of training soldiers to be civilians before releasing them from the service ever comes to a vote, you can count on at least one person—Mrs. John Smith.

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THERE has been a [illegible] that Lt. Gen. Geo[illegible] proposed to [illegible] made when he got to France. The gener[illegible] allegedly hit the Normandy beaches waving a $1,000 bill and betting that he would get to Paris before Gen. Montgomery and Bradley.

Gen. Patton has since completely denied the story, adding that he has never seen a $1,000 bill. This was all a group of Texas citizens needed; they immediately got together and made up a fund "so that the general will have a $1,000 note to wave when he rides into Berlin."

Now, no amount of bad taste can disguise the issues of this war. And not even this kind of group patriotism can make a game out of it. The United States has had, since the beginning of the war, approximately 400,000 men killed, wounded and missing. The British have lost more than one million. The Russians have lost more than five million. There have been several million Poles slaughtered, more than one million Yugoslavs out of a population of 15 million, and God knows how many Greeks. No one knows how many Chinese have died since their war began back in 1931.

These men have died and more are going to die before the war is over, and nothing can cheapen what they died for. But it seems that there still are Americans who think it's some kind of game. Maybe a bloody and dangerous one, but still a game that you can play by rules and bet on, like the World Series. And these Americans aren't only at home. Don't kid yourself; most of the people at home know what the war means. The stuff that's going overseas isn't being turned out the way it is just because there's a nice fat pay check in it.

This other sporting attitude toward the war is strictly American, and you can find it overseas as well as at home. It comes from a lot of things, but mainly it comes from ignorance. Most guys at the front hate the Germans, but not too many hate them because of what the Germans are or what they represent. They hate Germans because they consider the Germans responsible for their being overseas and because the Germans are trying to kill them. This is natural enough, but when the killing stops, the hate sometimes becomes acceptance or indifference—a couple of attitudes that our allies tend to regard, under the circumstances, as somewhat peculiar.

In Italy, for instance, many GIs dislike the Italians for being poor and the French for wearing our uniforms. Many of them actually have a higher regard for the Germans, who seem proud and who seemingly do not beg and who share our admiration for sit-down toilets that flush. These attitudes of ours come because we have had little or no contact with Fascism. They come from lack of understanding of what the Italians have suffered, what the French have accomplished and what the Germans really are. Enough Italian partisans are fighting in northern Italy to show that their poverty is the result of circumstance, not nationality. The French have already shown what they can do, even in clothes not their own. And this so-called German pride is simply Nazi arrogance, as rotten as the rest of their system.

It would be too bad if we carried these attitudes into Germany itself.

"And this is Col. Gen. von Kleeb, who is scheduled for execution in no less than 12 different countries after the war."

It would be too bad if we kept treating the war as a kind of contest, like a murderous football game; and when the game is over the two sides shake hands and sit down for a drink. We bought this war with just that kind of ignorance and we're going to keep it until we smarten up. It's about time that we stopped being suckers. This war isn't a game and we can't play it like one. If we don't learn now, we might as well start fitting our kids for uniforms.

This business is more than a $1,000 bill waved at Berlin.

STRICTLY GI

Discharge Plan

THE War Department has announced a plan to discharge soldiers who are below the minimum physical standards for induction and for whom there are no appropriate assignments in the Army. Men who are below physical standards but are performing jobs satisfactorily will not be affected by the ruling. Soldiers overseas who fall within the new discharge category will be reported as available for return to the States without replacement.

Separation Card

Officers and enlisted men now being discharged are given a separation-qualification record containing their civilian and military occupational experience and training. The card describes both main and secondary civilian occupation, gives a history of the soldier's military training and experience and translates these factors into related civilian skills or occupations that the man might follow. The entire separation procedure has been streamlined so that the soldier usually can be put through it in 48 hours instead of the three weeks or more that it once required.

No More Flaps

Future procurements of cotton khaki uniforms will be made without gas-protective "flaps, flies and gussets," since cotton khaki is now used only as a summer dress uniform. The change will not affect fatigues or ODs.

New Field Stove

The Quartermaster Corps has developed a new portable cooking-stove outfit for meals for 20 to 30 men, designed to replace the "Outfit, Cooking 20-Man." It can be disassembled and packed in two 40-pound parts, each to be carried by two men using light plywood packboards. Besides the stove itself, the outfit contains a 13-quart pot, an 11-quart pot, two 6-quart pots, two large frying pans and a 30-quart sterilization pan.

Bulletin Board

Veterans of this war who wish to take advantage of the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights can get free catalogs and detailed information from the American Schools and Colleges Association, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. . . . The 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation offers annual literary fellowships of $1,500 to members of the armed forces or honorably discharged veterans of this war who show marked literary ability. The awards will be made "on the basis of an outline, either book or play, to be judged on its literary values." Detailed information may be obtained by writing to the New York Story Department, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

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CAMP NEWS

Convalescing Airmen Find Contentment in Cows

Pawling, N. Y.—Here at the AAF Convalescent Center more than one use is found for everything. Take the cows; they're best known as producers of food products, of course, but they also double as healing agents. They're healing agents in that taking care of them serves to sooth the jangled nerves of convalescing soldiers. It's occupational therapy, if nothing else.

Like all soldiers, the AAF veterans here affect pin-up girls and put great store by their collections. Their favorite bovine pin-up is a 6-year-old Guernsey named Margaret, which swept aside all competition to win honors as grand-champion Guernsey at the Dutchess County Fair at Rinebeck, N. Y. Margaret is pictured at the left and with her are GIs from Connecticut, New York, Texas, New Jersey, Missouri, Rhode Island, Louisiana, Illinois and Nebraska.

To Cpl. Walter W. Woodruff of New Lyme, Ohio, who is recovering from injuries received at aerial-gunnery school in Texas, the ribbons won by Margaret had a special personal significance. He worked long and hard as a volunteer aid in readying the grand champion and others of the center's exhibition herd.

Sometimes soldiers convalescing here find new interests. As, for instance, T/Sgt. John Gecawich of Providence, R. I., who flew 22 missions as an engineer and top-turret gunner on the Liberator bomber, *Tokyo Express*, before being invalided back to the States. He had only a mild interest in things agricultural until he began to help with the center's herd. Now he wants to learn all about dairying.

For the record, it should be added that Margaret was not the only winner in the center's herd. Gilda, Florence, Little Gem, Betty and Annabella, if their names mean anything, all earned awards.

Boy Soprano Grows Up

Chatham Field, Ga. — Humorist on Chatham Field's popular "Chatham Hour" over station WSAV at Savannah, Ga., is Milton Rosen, a 234-pound, 6-foot-4½ former stage, film and radio performer.

Although only 34 now, Rosen started his career 19 years ago, as the boy soprano in George Jessel's famous play, "The Jazz Singer," before it became the first talkie hit with Al Jolson in the title role. Later Milt went into vaudeville with Jack Pepper, who was then Ginger Rogers' husband. Pepper taught him to dance and to play the ukelele.

Rosen acted as Milton Berle's stooge from 1932 to 1935, appeared in pictures made by Universal and was straight man for Jolson on his radio show. Rejoining Berle, he appeared with him on the Gillette radio show for 39 weeks.

Radio serials were his next medium, and he was heard in several over station WBBM in Chicago. At the same time he played with Billy House in "Laugh Liner," a Wrigley radio show. He was appearing with House in Olsen and Johnson's stage hit, "Hellzapoppin'," at the time he enlisted Feb. 2, 1942.

ourteen members of the 372d Infantry who saw service in the South Pacific sun themselves at Camp reckinridge, Ky. Front row (l. to r.): Pfc. Ezel Combs, Pfc. Joseph Butler, Pfc. Roy Brown, Sgt. MacArthur axter, Cpl. Howard Sharp. Second row: Cpl. Herbert Brown, Pfc. I. J. Henderson, Pfc. Robert Banks, Cpl. am Whigham, Pfcs. Albert and H. Estell. Third row: Pfc. Ray Lee, Pfc. Andrew Newkirk, S/Sgt. Harry Allen.

Vet Jungle Fighters Now at Breckinridge

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—After 27 months of service in the Pacific jungles, 14 members of the 24th Infantry Regiment were returned to the U. S. on rotation and assigned to the 372d Infantry here.

In April 1942, the 24th was the first U. S. Army unit to land in the New Hebrides; then after 15 months of duty there as engineers and stevedores, the regiment was moved to Guadalcanal and one battalion later was sent to Munda. It was on Bougainville that the 24th got its first real taste of action, moving into front-line positions shortly after the Marines had established a beachhead. Here are some of the exploits of the veterans who are now at Camp Breckinridge:

Pfc. I. J. Henderson was with a patrol that made the first crossing of the Torquino River on Bougainville. The patrol was pinned down by enemy fire for eight hours and had to swim back under a hail of bullets and mortar shells. Upon reaching the American side, Henderson discovered that some Japs had infiltrated our positions. He killed one who was about to toss a hand grenade and later shot another whom he found in an abandoned pillbox.

S/Sgt. Harry Allen was a platoon sergeant in charge of a patrol that captured the first Jap prisoner taken in Bougainville and later what was believed to be the first Jap 75-mm gun found intact after Pearl Harbor. Allen was commended for bravery by his regimental commander for fording the Torquino under heavy fire to recover the body of a comrade.

Cpl. Howard Sharp was in charge of a light machine-gun squad that fired through the night on Jap soldiers attempting to infiltrate our lines on the south bank of the river. When the day dawned, Cpl. Sharp's squad counted five dead Japs a scant 25 yards from their positions.

Cpl. Herbert Brown, while leading an Infantry squad in support of a tank unit, located and shot a sniper in a tree a few yards ahead of one of the tanks.

Pfc. Ezel Combs spotted a Jap soldier who dashed out armed with an explosive charge in a suicidal attempt to plant it on a U. S. Marine tank. He waited for the Jap to come within range and then accounted for him with a burst of his tommy gun.

—Sgt. CARL RITTER

BUSY BLITZER. T/Sgt. Albert Greenberg of the 2001st AAF Base Unit, New Haven, Conn., has a lot of brass to polish as kettle drummer with band.

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GIFT HORSE WITH TEETH

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—Cpl. Herbert Joffee of Co. Y, 803d STR, is definitely not a trusting soul. In an effort to get more letters from his girl, he had her name and address printed on stationery and sent it to her as a gift. Worrying that she might also use it to write someody else, he also had "Dear Herbert" printed on the paper.

Confidence Pays Off

Dodge City AAF, Kans.—Cpl. William Lemons, a gray-haired native of Garland, Tex., who works at the post theater, has confidence in the OWI's slogan that you can repeat any war news you read in the paper or hear on the radio.

Lemons read in his home-town paper that one of his friends was missing in action in Europe. The story said the airman was serving as a tail gunner on a B-27, and Lemons mentioned this fact to his colleagues at the theater, only to be told that there was no such plane as a B-27.

He let the matter drop but a few days later he read another dispatch that this same friend was a prisoner of war, and again it stated that he was on a B-27 when shot down. So Lemons decided to make a few bets that there was a B-27. He put up a couple of bucks but, of course, lost.

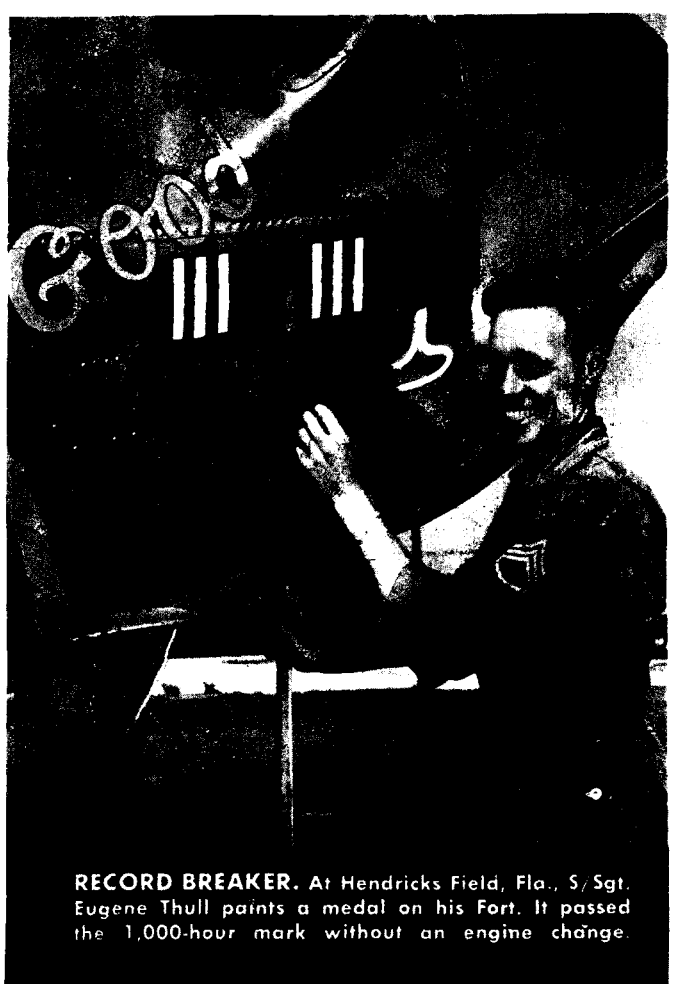
After being convinced, Lemons dropped the editor of the paper a line and told of his plight. By return mail he received an apology from the Garland editor, who stated that B-27 was a typographical error—it should have been B-17. And in the letter was $2.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Perfect scores on the submachine gun are rare, but they have been accomplished. However, when two perfect scores are chalked up on the same day by members of the same company, that's something to talk about in any camp. Cpl. Bernard H. Higdoll and Pvt. Charles Turner, qualifying with the sub-machine gun, both scored 100 out of 100 possible points.

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Friends of Pvt. Ben Arfin, a student in the AAF Training Command Radio School here, are claiming an Army record for him. Just to prove that it could be done, Ben did 65 push-ups with one hand. What's more, Ben, who is a right-hander normally, did them left-handed. It hasn't anything to do with his achievement, but Ben is from Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fort Sill, Okla.—Back in the days when the Field Artillery rode on caissons instead of trucks and officers rode on horses instead of in jeeps, saddle makers were as much a part of the Army as mess sergeants. One of the few left is Sgt. Peter Krag of the combined maintenance shops, who has been on this post 18 of his 24 years in the Army. Now, instead of making and repairing saddles and harness, Krag is kept busy repairing cases for field glasses and fire-control instruments.



RECORD BREAKER. At Hendricks Field, Fla., S/Sgt. Eugene Thull paints a medal on his Fort. It passed the 1,000-hour mark without an engine change.

Secretary to Generals Now at Benning

Fort Benning, Ga.—M/Sgt. Alfred J. Rapetti, now assigned to the adjutant general's office of the Parachute School Headquarters here, served as secretary to Eisenhower, Patton, Bradley and others during the planning and direction of historic battles in the African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns.

Before he joined the Army in 1938, Rapetti had played bit parts on the New York stage after his graduation from the High School of Commerce in New York. He spoke French and Italian fluently and was an expert at shorthand and typing.

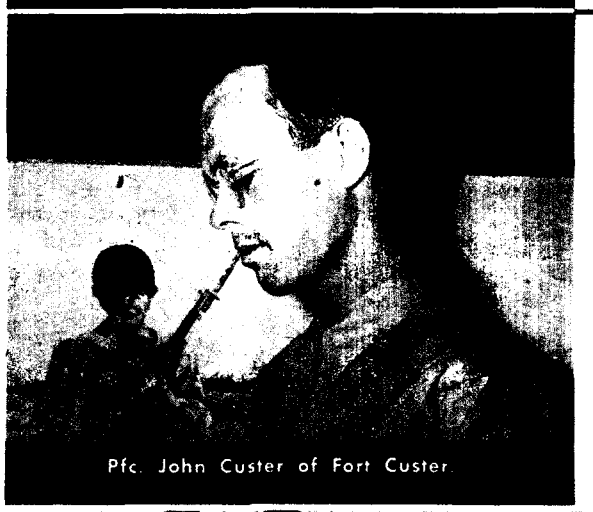
His first important Army assignment took him to London in 1941 with the Special Army Observers Group. There he lived in a penthouse atop the American Embassy and wore civilian clothes both on and off duty.

Next he turned up in Oran, attached to the Corps Headquarters Intelligence Section, where his knowledge of languages helped him in the interrogating of prisoners.

After Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. took command of the II Corps, Rapetti was assigned as his personal secretary. When Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley relieved Patton, Rapetti remained on the job, and it was Bradley who awarded him the Legion of Merit. During this period Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower commanded Rapetti's services on his many visits to II Corps Headquarters.

"In the old days when battles were fought from trench lines," says Rapetti, "the general's headquarters was pretty far back and things were relatively quiet. In this war the general's office is usually on wheels, and he goes where the fighting is. We lived in the field for 15 months and spent a lot of that time in our foxholes and slit trenches. Enemy artillery and plane strafings were the worst, I guess. I lost several good friends and had two very near things myself."

M. Sgt. Rapetti has seen many stars.



Pfc. John Custer of Fort Custer.

Kinsman of Gen. Custer In School at Custer

Fort Custer, Mich.—Appropriately enough, Pfc. John Custer, collateral relative of Maj. Gen. George A. Custer, famous Civil War officer and Indian fighter, is enrolled in the Provost Marshal General's Criminal Investigation School at Fort Custer, named for his kinsman.

Pfc. Custer's grandfather, like the general, was an Ohioan. He moved to the West Coast when Gen. Custer settled at Monroe, Mich.

John Custer, who was born in Seattle, Wash., practiced law in New York three years after graduating from Columbia, then returned to Seattle as his father's law partner. He served in the Washington Legislature in 1941-'43 and waived his civilian rights as a member to enter the Army.

Pvt. Bruce Marcus makes a lunge at Pvt. Herman Goldberg while instructor Sgt. Hardin Walsh looks o

Fencing Foils Furnish Fun for Flyers

Scott Field, Ill.—Some of the AAF flying radiomen in training here have gone in for the ancient art of fencing. The clash of foils and the smash of epees and sabers may not drown out the crack of carbines on the range, but they attract a lot more attention.

Salle D'Armes Scott — the fencers' hang-out, made over from an unused day room by taking out the furniture and putting in electric fans—is the brainchild of Sgt. Hardin Walsh, coach of the *Salle D'Armes Vical* of St. Louis, Mo., in civilian life and holder of several championships, including the Mississippi Valley Three-Weapons crown. Assisting Walsh are Lt. Garth B. Oswald of Lansing, Mich.; Pvt. Herman Goldberg of Miami Beach, Fla., and Pvt. Bruce W. Marcus of New York. Oswald was the Michigan State University champion, Goldberg captained the University of Miami varsity and Marcus was coach of several high-school championship teams in New York.

GIs who up to now thought the only sabers still around were in museums are finding out that sabers can make them plenty stiff in the knees for the first few days. But, working out that way is a lot more fun than calisthenics, and it gets them physical-fitness credit, too.

—Sgt. ADAM YARMOLINSKI

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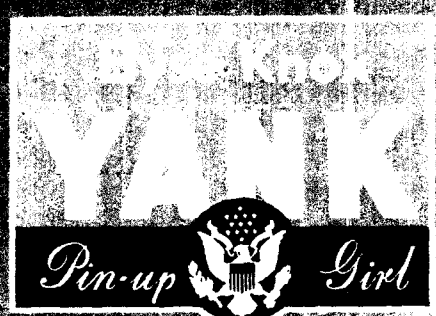

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NAVY NOTES

ASSISTED TAKE-OFFS. The Navy is now prepared to use jet-assisted take-offs (JATO) for carrier planes and flying boats. Jet units, which look like bombs but are fastened to the fuselage, develop about 330 horsepower each during the take-off period. Mounted singly or in series, they cut take-off runs in half and allow heavier loading. Each jet unit is like an engine in itself, with an electrically controlled spark plug and a rocket-like propellant. Large flying boats can attach as many as 8 JATO units and fire them either in a salvo or in series. The first JATO plane, an experimental Wildcat, was flown by Marine Capt. William C. Gore who, while still a Marine pfc, was so interested in JATO that he used his own money for experiments.

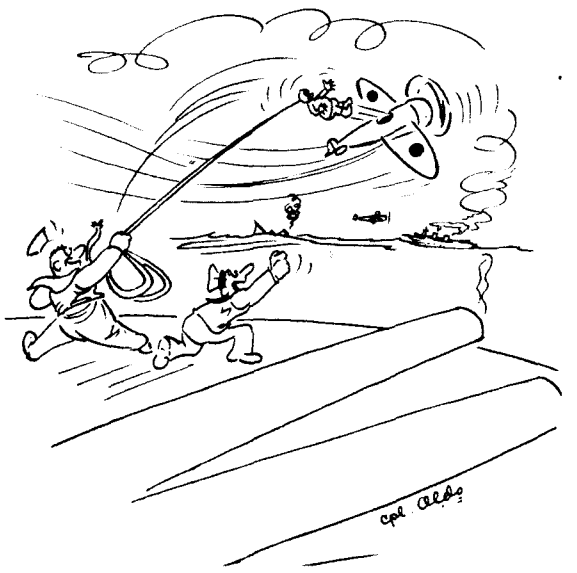
Navy Demobilization. Here is a summary of the Navy's position on demobilization, as given in a radio speech by Vice Adm. Randall Jacobs, chief of Naval personnel:

"When Japan is defeated and Naval demobilization can begin, it will be done along the lines announced by the War Department. Like the Army, the Navy is establishing priority for release on a basis of length of service, service outside the continental United States, combat service and parenthood. We shall watch the partial demobilization of the Army after Germany's defeat and profit by their experience when a final and precise blueprint for Naval demobilization is drawn up—probably not until the defeat of Japan is at hand. . . . The Navy has not forgotten that Adm. Perry opened up Japan and it intends to see that Adm. Nimitz closes it down again."

Seabee Patch. Enlisted men in Naval Construction Battalions will soon be given a distinctive Seabee shoulder patch. The new emblems, which are not yet available, will be modeled on the well-known Seabee insignia—the battling bee on a blue background with the word "Seabees" lettered underneath. The patch, which will be 2¾ inches in diameter, will be worn by all personnel attached to Seabee units.

Speculation Unlimited. Men in several PT-boat squadrons in the Pacific have evolved a novel scheme for using their excess dough. Here's the way it works. They contribute equally every pay day to a fund, which is entrusted to a committee. They add to the fund until a certain sum (generally several thousand bucks) is reached, or until the unit is rotated back or separated. Whenever the time, or the quota, is reached the money is deposited in a bank and the fund is closed.

The money is to be left in the bank until after the war. At that time the committee will receive suggestions from the contributors on how to invest it. The investment must be strictly long-shot, paying off tremendously or losing the whole wad at once. They lean toward such enterprises as backing a young prizefighter or buying a likely looking race horse. With all the men in the pool on the look-out, they figure someone will uncover a beautiful investment. If they win, they pay off all around. If they lose, what the hell? They couldn't use the dough out in the Pacific anyhow.



"You did it, Murdock! You did it!"
—Cpl. Aldo Marcucci, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Pilot Cut-back. Because of the lowered demand for Navy pilots, only half of 18,000 men now in V-12 as pre-aviation students will eventually take flight training. The right to fly will be put on a competitive basis with the top 9,000 men getting preference. The remaining students will stay in the Navy College Program to study for deck, engineering and specialist commissions.

Dredgings. The word boot has been banned at Naval Training Centers as a name for trainees. They will be known as recruits. . . . The original Black Cat Squadron, the first Navy group to fly pitch-black Catalina boats, has returned to the States after its second tour of duty in the South Pacific. . . . The Navy has developed fireproof plywood. . . . George Ray Tweed, the RM1c who hid out on Guam for two years, has been made a warrant radio electrician and was awarded the Legion of Merit. . . . Mail from the Eastern U. S. can reach Eniwetok in five days. . . . Small cub observation planes were flown from LST flight decks to spot for the invasion of southern France. . . . The fastest air battle on record recently took place near the Marianas. A Wildcat pilot, taking off to repel an attack on his CVE, was just lifting off the flight deck when a Jap crossed his sights. He fired and the enemy plane dived into the sea. The Wildcat still had its wheels and flaps down during the battle, which lasted only a few seconds.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of YANK, The Army Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1944.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Summary Court, U. S. Army, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Col. Franklin S. Forsberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Officer in Charge of YANK, The Army Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, YANK, The Army Weekly, War Department, ASF, Information & Education Division, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

War Department, United States Government, Washington, D. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG, Col. A.U.S.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1944.
[SEAL] WILLIAM F. POLK, Major, Inf.

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

LT. ANDY ALLEN, Inf., once at Camp Lee, Va.: write Pvt. Eber F. Diehl Jr. . . . Pvt. DANIEL AUKERMAN, once at Foster Field, Tex.: write Pfc. Robert Hodkinson. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH BANDY, once at Fort Monmouth, N. J.: write Sgt. M. F. Carruth. . . . Sgt. FRED R. BARBOUR, last heard of in Co. A, 303d Gun Bn.: write your brother, Walter Lee Barbour S2c. . . . Cpl. CHARLES BAUER, once with 485th Heavy Shop Co. at Camp Claiborne, La.: write Pvt. Gordon E. Murray. . . . Lt. CLAIRE BEAHM, ANC, once at Camp Stoneman, Calif., last heard of somewhere in India at a station hospital: write Lt. Gilbert E. Miller II. . . . Pfc. BOYD M. BEAN, once with DTR/ATC, 33 Pine St., New York: write Cpl. James M. Collins. . . . Pvt. TRACY AUTHER BLAINE, 37012816, last heard of with the 281st Repl. Co.: write Doreen McDonough. . . . Cpl. MILDRED BOSS, formerly of Co. I, Staging Bn., 3d WAC Trng. Center, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.: write Pfc. Benny Smith. . . . "PETE" BREBBIA, last heard of in Alaska with a weather sq.: write Pvt. Jake Indursky. . . . GILL W. BREHM PhM3c, last heard of at Pearl Harbor: write Cpl. Max D. McClaskie. . . . ANCEL A. BRITTAIN, once at De Ridder Air Base, La.: write CWO Gerald S. Wyman. . . . Lt. PAUL CALLAHAN, somewhere in Australia: write Pvt. Weldon Gillespie. . . . JACK and TOM CAREY of Chicago, last heard of somewhere in New Guinea: write Cpl. Ralph C. Suess. . . . Pvt. PHILLIP B. CLAIRMONT, once of St. Ignatius, Mont.: write Sgt. George B. Collins. . . . PHILLIP L. COLTER, formerly of Troop C, 112th Cav.: write S/Sgt. Jack O. Hazzard. . . . Pfc. JOSEPH F. COUSLER of Baltimore, last heard of in Dec. 1943 with an Air Force ground crew: write Pvt. Lloyd E. Baxter. . . . CECIL DASHER, last heard of somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: write your cousin, Pvt. Quentin Brown. . . . Cpl. ISSAC DOTSON, last heard of at Fort Sill, Okla.: write Sgt. J. L. Craig. . . . Capt. CATHERINE FLATLEY, formerly of the Presidio of Monterey: write T/Sgt. James R. Peters. . . . Pvt. HAROLD GEIST, formerly with SU 3306, PMC: write Pvt. Herbert L. Garrison Jr. . . . JOHN GEKAS of Lowell, Mass., somewhere in India: write Pfc. Arthur Mamalis. . . . Pvt. MIKE GERMAN, somewhere in England in a Railroad Bn.: write Pvt. T. E. Johnson. . . . S/Sgt. DON GLAZA, last heard of at Camp Crowder, Mo.: write Pfc. Charles Huffman. . . . JOSEPH GRABINSKI WT1c, *USS Heywood*: write Frederick F. Green CGM. . . . Pvt. NANNIE W. GRAVITT, formerly at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.: write Sgt. Robert E. Muller. . . . Pvt. JAMES J. HALL, formerly of Fort McClellan, Ala.: write Pfc. Kenneth M. Hamilton. . . . MARY ANN HERZICK, ANC, of Youngstown, Ohio, somewhere in New Guinea: write Pfc. Albert Harvey. . . . Pfc. EDWARD HUGHES, formerly of Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis surgical school: write T-5 Harry Daniels. . . . CHARLES KENDAL, last heard of attending Univ. of Calif. while in Enlisted Reserve Corps, inducted March 1943: write T-5 Donald M. Carlson. . . . Lt. CLAYTON A. LABOO, formerly a printer at Allen U: write Lt. Melton M. Lewis. . . . JOHN P. LANDERS of Huntsville, Ala., in Hq. Co., 22d Inf. at Fort McClellan, Ala., 1938-41 and last heard of with a tank outfit in Texas: write Ellas Lindsey SC2c. . . . ROBERT LATTA, USMC: write Lt. Jay D. Boone. . . . ETHEL LEE, WAC, last heard of in Bellevue, Wash.: write your cousin, Pfc. Ben H. Lee. . . . JOHN MCCORY, once in 96th Bomb. Sq., Langley Field, Va., 1940: write Pvt. LeRoy E. Wilson. . . . S/Sgt. CLOVIS W. MCDONALD, believed to be somewhere in Italy: write Sgt. Leonard A. Cope. . . . COLLIS MCGRAW, somewhere in the SWPA: write your brother, Pvt. John J. McGraw. . . . Pvt. CLIFFORD J. MANN, last heard of at APO 928: write Cpl. Edward H. Kemp. . . . EDWARD J. MEADORS of Birmingham, Ala., at Fort Benning, Ga., from 1937 to 39, last heard of in the 2d Armd. Division in 1941: write Sgt. H. J. Brown. . . . Pfc. LOUIS G. MEERT, once in the 125th Inf. in California: write Pfc. Joseph J. Szacon. . . . Pfc. JOHN L. O'TOOLE, formerly with the 182d Inf., Co. L: write your cousin, A. H. Whitcomb HA1c. . . . Pvt. CHARLES OTTO, formerly at APO 322: write T-4 Jack Carey. . . . Pvt. JOSEPHINE PALUMBO, WAC, somewhere in Australia: write Pvt. Andrew Lozano. . . . Pvt. JOSEPH PERIANDRI, last heard of in France: write Pfc. Anthony Rosito. . . . "TONY" PIAZZA, last heard of in Area Service Command, Trinidad: write S/Sgt. Syd Fenald. . . . Pvt. JOHN PSARIO, once at Buckley Field, Colo.: write Sgt. George Pengitore. . . . Sgt. MURRAY RIFKIN, last heard of at Holabird Ord. Depot, Baltimore, Md.: write Cpl. Solly Cohen. . . . Pvt. HERBERT ROSS, somewhere in the Pacific: write Pvt. Henry Knoxsah. . . . Pvt. JEROME E. RUSSELL, formerly of Massena, N. Y., and at Camp Croft, S. C., in 1942: write Pvt. C. M. Shampine. . . . 1st Sgt. WINTHROP A. RUSSELL, formerly at Fort Myer, Va.: write 1st Sgt. Ernest L. Knight. . . . VICTOR SEMROOK, once in Btry. H, 1st CAC, Panama, later in Hawaii: write Sgt. Charles Vetri. . . . Lt. GEORGE R. SHIPP of Richmond, Va., formerly at Bolling Field, D. C.: write Sgt. Charles E. Whitehurst. . . . Cpl. HUBERT STOKES, aviation mechanic, last heard of in SWPA: write Sgt. Samuel A. Long. . . . Pvt. JOHN SUSSINA, last heard of with the 501st Parachute Bn. at Fort Benning: write your brother, Stanley J. Sussina. . . . HOWARD WEINGROW, in the AAF: write Sgt. Martin Foodim. . . . Pfc. ARTHUR YALE, last heard of at Milne Bay, New Guinea, 1943: write Pfc. W. H. Earp.

THIS is one of our days for statistics, so: Elyse Knox was born in Hartford, Conn.; she weighs 110 pounds, she is 5' 3", her eyes are blue and her hair is blond. Before she went into the movies her face had appeared on at least 9,284 magazine covers—or maybe it was 9,285. Her new movie for Universal Pictures is "Moonlight and Cactus."

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PX

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A Thousand Men a Day

FOR a good part of the seven months I spent at the Grand Central Palace, the induction station for New York City and vicinity, I sat at a table near the beginning of the long examination line. There were three of us. Our job was to take each man's papers as he passed in front of us, look at what they had to say about his educational qualifications and confirm what the draft board had recorded by direct questioning.

I suppose we questioned well over 1,000 men a day, and it wasn't unusual for me to wake up nights and find myself asking the pillow, "You finish high school, Mac?" And after a rough week end I would turn to a colleague at the dinner table with a mechanical "How far did you go in school?" when I wanted him to pass the apple butter. It was strictly an occupational disease.

Our part in the selectees' examination was finished when we marked their papers and waved them on. But we were the first soldiers these men had a chance to talk to and, like lambs on their way to the slaughter (of which the medical examination upstairs was a reasonably accurate facsimile), they bleated. Often their 4-F cousin or their wife or their draft-board chairman had briefed them on what to bring up with The Induction People, and they usually didn't lose any time. I guess they figured we might represent the last opportunity to open their mouths until they raised their right hands and repeated, in effect, "I'm in."

Aside from the average run-of-the-draft-board selectees, who went willingly enough, there were three main categories and the majority of interesting cases, glad to be off the street, tumbled readily into one or another of these:

Type No. 1 was the Numb One—resigned; half thankful for the protective coloration the uniform was about to afford him; a little stunned; entertaining a vague notion that he had better do what he was told because this was, after all, the Army, and sweating mildly at the thought; interested in the proceedings as a condemned man might be interested in the pattern of the cracks in the floor as he walked the last mile.

Type No. 2 was the Hypochondriac. We could usually spot him by his brief case which, in spite of alleged atrophy of both hands, he could unfasten and empty of its contents in a matter of seconds. With quaking fingers he would point out paragraphs in letters written by doctors (". . . *and it is my considered opinion that this condition may be considerably aggravated if the patient is inducted into the Army . . .*"). Holding X-rays up to the light, he would indicate a spinal curvature or a spot on a lung, usually accompanying the demonstration with a rapid-fire technical commentary. At first we would try to tell these cases not to burn themselves out so early in the game, to save it until they got upstairs to the doctors. But more often than not we heard them out, on the theory that it amounted to a sort of dress rehearsal, a dry run.

Type No. 3 was the Eager One—eager to get in, eager to tell us what indispensable occupation he was engaged in, eager to make a good first impression with the Army, all-types eager. I think some of them fancied that if they conducted themselves particularly well they might make pfc before the day was out.

"Lookit, soldier," one would say, "the board's got me down there as makin' a hunnert an' ten a week out at Grumman. That was las' January. Now I'm makin' a hunnert an' eighty-five. Can you change that for me?" We would assure him that the Government would take care of it in a matter of days.

"I'm a tailor," another would say. "I sew seams in Army overcoats. If you take me, you boys won't have anything to wear. You'll freeze. Frostbite is not a pretty thing. Sometimes they amputate. Just think of it, walking along Lexington Avenue out there, with the icy wind——" We would beckon for the next patient.

Of course, there were a thousand subtle variants and offshoots of these types. Men would come through the line wheeling baby carriages, some drunk, handcuffed to detectives, shaking their heads dumbly when we asked them questions. We had discharged veterans, conscientious objectors, midgets, Howdy Club chorus boys, doctors, hunchbacks and even hermaphrodites. They scraped the bottom of the barrel so thin even we could see through it.

I understand they're still scraping. Everybody in America gets an even chance.

Pratt AAF, Kans. —Cpl. KNOX BURGER

SMALL TOWN

No place to go,
  Nothing to do;
Here there is no
  Band that plays blue.

Dissonant notes
  Or music by Liszt;
One only dotes
  On things that are missed:

Art by Monet,
  Women in tights.
Russian ballet,
  Big-city lights.

Under a brooch
  Of stars, on the grass,
I have some hootch
  And I have a lass.

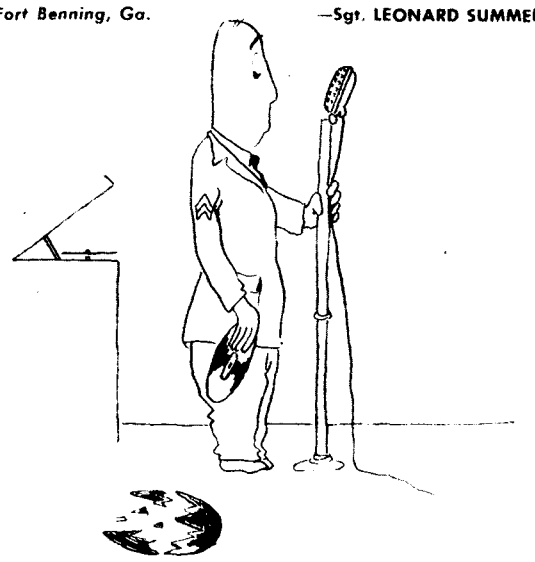
Here at my side
  Marigolds sway.
Wind is a bride
  Excited and gay.

But here there is no place
  To go for diversion,
No circus, no show place
  Or moonlight excursion.

No ball game or fight club
  Or place one can dance,
No beer joint or night club—
  Just booze and romance.

No couvert or fee
  For table or cork;
Here love is free—
  To hell with New York!

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS



"Due to circumstances beyond her control, Dinah Shore will be unable to sing for us this evening."
—Pvt. David Grossvogel, El Paso, Tex.

No Beer

THE corporal was beginning to tire of the crowded lounge at the USO when the call he was awaiting was announced over the public-address system. "Music hour now starting in the library," the voice said. The ping-pong players kept the ball in play, and the bridge players didn't desist, even for a moment, from contemplating the possibilities of a small slam in hearts. The corporal walked toward the library room.

Inside the library it was quiet, with a still warmth pervading the atmosphere. There were seven other soldiers in various stages of boredom, all of them sapped by the inescapable heat of the sultry afternoon. Quietly a pale, long-legged girl entered the room and spoke softly, as though fearful of breaking the reverie of the men. "Our program today begins with Debussy's 'Afternoon of a Faun'." She put the record on the turntable, started the machine and sat down slowly. She was feeling slightly dizzy from the heat.

The music filled the little room and the corporal didn't feel tired any longer. It filled the room with coolness, shade and the sound of running water. He lay his head upon the table and closed his eyes, and he was no longer in a sun-baked Texas town on a sweltering Sunday afternoon, sitting in a little room with seven men he had never seen before and a pale girl with long legs who wasn't feeling well.

He was in the park near home with his 18-month-old daughter. He had placed her in the tiny swing under the cool trees and he pushed the swing gently so that she was lifted back and then floated forward. The sensation of rising and falling delighted the child. She was beside herself with glee, gurgling with joy, tucking her chin into her chest as she started downward. Everything was so secure, so peaceful, so pleasureable then.

He liked to go to the park with its playground, well-kept lawns and benches. He enjoyed watching the laughing children and the smiling parents, glad that their children were happy.

Later, hand in hand, he and the little girl went into the house where his wife was preparing lunch. "Do you know, hon, I put the baby on the swing and she loved it, she actually loved it." His wife laughed and chided him: "You spoil her more on the day you're home than I can correct all week. How about finding a Sunday job and letting me bring her up the modern way, you big lug?" They laughed together and went into the clean white kitchen. The baby sitting in her high chair pointed to the trees and the birds, and smiled to her parents to prove she understood.

The music came to an end and the corporal let his head remain on the table, eyes still closed, as though he were reluctant to give up his thoughts. Finally he rose and walked to the bus station. During the trip back to camp, he stared out the window, still hearing the restful, soothing music in his heart. The barracks was almost deserted; most of the men were at the PX.

"Been to town, corp?" one of the men, lying on his bunk, asked.

"Yes, I went into town for a while," he replied.

"What in hell can you find to do in that burg anyhow? They don't even have beer, not even a lousy cold glass of beer in the whole damned town."

"I don't know, Jim. I like to listen to the music on Sunday afternoon. That's all I go for. Just the music."

"Not even a lousy cold glass of beer," said the other. "Who wants to listen to music? What the hell good is music when you're hot and thirsty?"

Camp Barkeley, Tex. —Cpl. ARTHUR GERBER

A Letter to the PX Page

DEAR YANK:

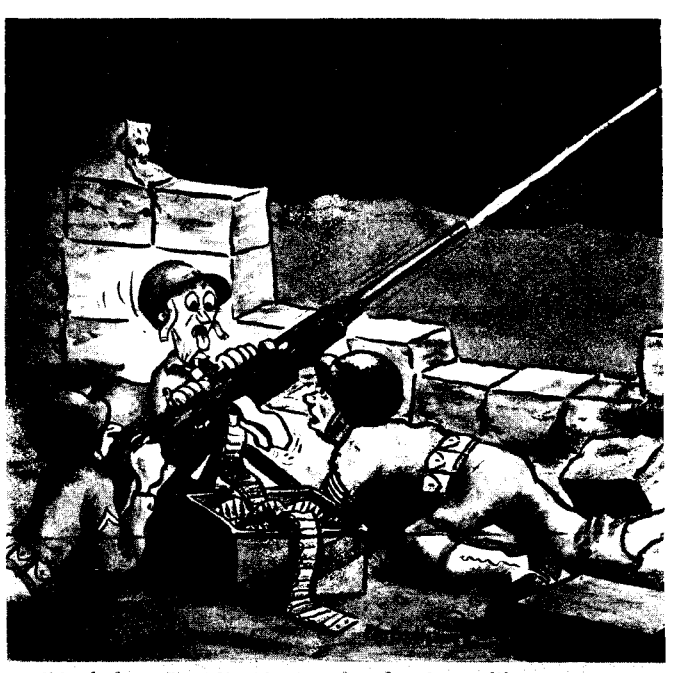
I have read your magazine off and on for the past year. I have often wondered how a magazine like yours, okayed by the U. S. Government, is allowed to print cartoons and articles that are detrimental as all hell to proper discipline in the Army.

Your article, "The Colonel and the Paper Boy," in the Sept. 15 issue is a good example. Written by a corporal, it describes in great detail the antics of a colonel, no less, making a goon out of himself in a pinball match with a paper boy. On the same page there is a cartoon showing a fat old lady asking an officer what he's going to be when he grows up. The cartoon was drawn by a sergeant. Both should have known better.

These articles and cartoons are definitely the wrong kind of stuff to put before enlisted men. Newly inducted men in the Army, after reading YANK, must surely think that all officers are just privates with bars.

In my opinion, discipline is one of the most important requisites of a good soldier. I doubt very much if your magazine thinks so.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —1st Sgt. LOUIS SCHLEPP



"And that, Pvt. Heyer, is why the Army likes us to tuck our neckties in."
—Pfc. Frank Q. Hewitt, Camp Hulen, Tex.

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SPORTS: MR. HUTSON TAKES EASY WAY OUT AND PLAYS AGAIN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

LAST FALL the football citizens of Green Bay, Wis., N. Y., was summoned to Lambeau Field to witness a memorable sporting event. It was going to be something to tell the kids about. Don Hutson, the peerless pass-snatcher of the Green Bay Packers, was going to play positively his last football game.

The result was strictly in accord with expectations. Mr. Hutson put on a show for the 20,000 who were present, and the Brooklyn Dodgers were beaten, 31-7, by the Packers. To cap his performance, Hutson set a new National Professional League record for the most broken bones by fracturing his finger and several ribs. He also set a record for the most yards gained in one game catching passes, his total being 237. But it wasn't, as advertised, Mr. Hutson's last game. Even Brooklyn should have known it wouldn't be.

Mr. Hutson has long been making these last farewell tours. He first started retiring in 1941 and has continued every year since, always declaring that he wanted nothing more than a quiet life in Green Bay, Wis., with his family and his 20-lane bowling alley. But each year he would yield to the pleas of his teammates to return for just one more season. Again this fall he was lured out of announced retirement, but this time we suspect he won't be risking his aged limbs in the interest of his teammates.

For a change, he's doing it strictly for Mr. Hutson's benefit. He was hired as end coach for the Packers, and after looking over his sad material he probably figured it would be a whole lot simpler if he just went out and did all the playing himself. No one was happier about Hutson's return than the Packers' coach, Mr. Curly Lambeau. "Hutson was the world's greatest player before," Lambeau said. "Now he will be the world's greatest playing coach."

The people who figure to profit most by Mr. Hutson's return are not the Packers but his pupils sitting on the bench. By watching their coach in action, they will learn how to feint. Not in just one direction, either, but in three directions all at once. Their coach is the only man in cleats who can feint north, south and west at the same time and with every part of his anatomy—eyes, head, hips and shoulders.

One of Mr. Hutson's more useful feints is known as the Barrymore. For an illustration of this maneuver we go back to the Giants-Packers game of two years ago. Hutson charged Ward Cuff, the defensive wingback, then suddenly collapsed like a wet paper bag. Every muscle in his face and body seemed to sag. Then when Mr. Cuff was beginning to feel sorry for Don's pathetic state of exhaustion, he was off again and well behind Cuff to grab a touchdown pass.

Another Hutson feint, which his pupils will only learn by long rehearsals, is to give the impression that he is running at top speed when actually he is only trotting. This bit of artistic faking usually coaxes a couple of defending halfbacks to join him. Elated over their success at keeping up with the peerless pass-snatcher, the two halfbacks will begin to shake hands with each other. On about the third handshake, Hutson really opens up and leaves them hand-

[illegible] his own favorite feint is to make a [illegible] at a backer-up, as though he intends to nail him with a block. He brushes the backer-up with his left shoulder and then throws himself into a body roll, after which he races to the sidelines to pull down a pass. The strategy behind this feint at the backer-up, Hutson will inform his pupils, is to lure the left wingback out of position so that territory will be clear.

ANOTHER lesson Mr. Hutson's pupils will learn is how to relax. This sometimes pays rich dividends. Two years ago the Packers were trailing the Washington Redskins, 3-0, with only a few minutes to play. Johnny Blood called signals for a Herber-to-Blood touchdown pass, but the spectators were shouting so loudly that not a single Packer player heard a word he said. He repeated the signal three times and each time the crowd drowned out the numbers. Finally, in desperation, the center snapped the ball to Herber, who had no idea what the play was or what to do with the ball. Blood, the intended pass-receiver, tore down the field like the proverbial bat. But Hutson just relaxed nonchalantly at the line of scrimmage. Meanwhile Herber juggled the ball as if it were a stack of dishes, looking frantically for a receiver. His eyes didn't catch Blood, but Hutson, who took the pass and scored.

Mr. Hutson sprung his newest feint last year against the Chicago Cardinals. With the ball on [illegible] zone [illegible] dropped to one knee and [illegible] ed pass that never traveled [illegible] feet off the ground.

Regardless of what maneuver Mr. Hutson uses, there is no legal way of stopping him. The Chicago Bears hit on the idea of having a tackle nail him at the line scrimmage. This, of course, was illegal and called for a five-yard penalty, and it didn't work anyhow because Don would usually feint the tackle silly. Pistol Pete Cawthon, the Dodgers' coach, uses only one man to cover Hutson, because he knows it would be a waste of manpower to assign any more to the job. Another coach, Lt. Comdr. George Halas, late of the Bears, figured it this way: "I just concede him two touchdowns a game and hope that our boys can score more."

Personally, we hope Mr. Hutson never stops retiring. It is nice to have memorable events, and besides, Mr. Hutson always turns up the next year.

Sports Service Record

THIS year's Allied Boxing Championships will be held at the Palais de Sport in Paris, Dec. 1-10, inclusive, and will draw entries from England, Italy and Africa as well as France. **Pvt. Bob Barry**, defending light heavyweight champion from the Fifth Army, boxed Joe Louis in Italy recently, and Louis didn't hesitate to call him "one of the best I've even seen." . . . The French Athletic Society announces that **Pvt. Jesse Owens** will be shipped to Paris in time for its big liberation track meet. . . . Notre Dame isn't saying so, but **George Connor**, last year's Holy Cross tackle star, has been transferred to South Bend by the Navy and should be one of Mr. McKeever's starting tackles any game now. . . . **Wish Egan**, the Detroit scout, who discovered Trout and Newhouser, says **Ted Gray**, an 18-year-old sailor in the South Pacific, is greater than either one. "Gray is another Detroit boy," Egan confides, "and you just wait for him. He's the greatest, I say." . . . According to **Sgt. Frank Parker, Lt. Don Budge** is not in the Southwest Pacific, as we reported a few weeks ago, but at the Yuma (Ariz.) Air Base. "I should know," Parker writes. "He beat me the other day."

Promoted: **Capt. Steve Hamas**, former heavyweight contender, to major in the Eighth Air Force, England. . . . *Appointed:* **Cpl. Berkeley Bell**, one-time tennis ace, to the Medical Administrative OCS, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Col. Clint Frank**, Yale's All-American quarterback in '36-'37, from the Mediterranean Theater to the AAF Redistribution Station, Miami, Fla. . . . *Discharged:* **Bob Hoernschemeyer**, Indiana's freshman halfback sensation, from the Navy with a special-order discharge which permits him to make up a deficiency in mathematics before taking up an appointment to Annapolis next April. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Dick Wakefield**, slugging Detroit outfielder; **Lou Finney**, first baseman of the Boston Red Sox; **Charlie Metro**, Athletics' outfielder, all by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Rube Fischer**, Giant right-hander, because of a bad back. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Ernie Stewart**, American League umpire.

WRONG SPORT. Pvt. Hank Soar takes a nice cut at a baseball at Camp Reynolds, Pa., but football is more his line. He played halfback for New York Pro Giants for six years.

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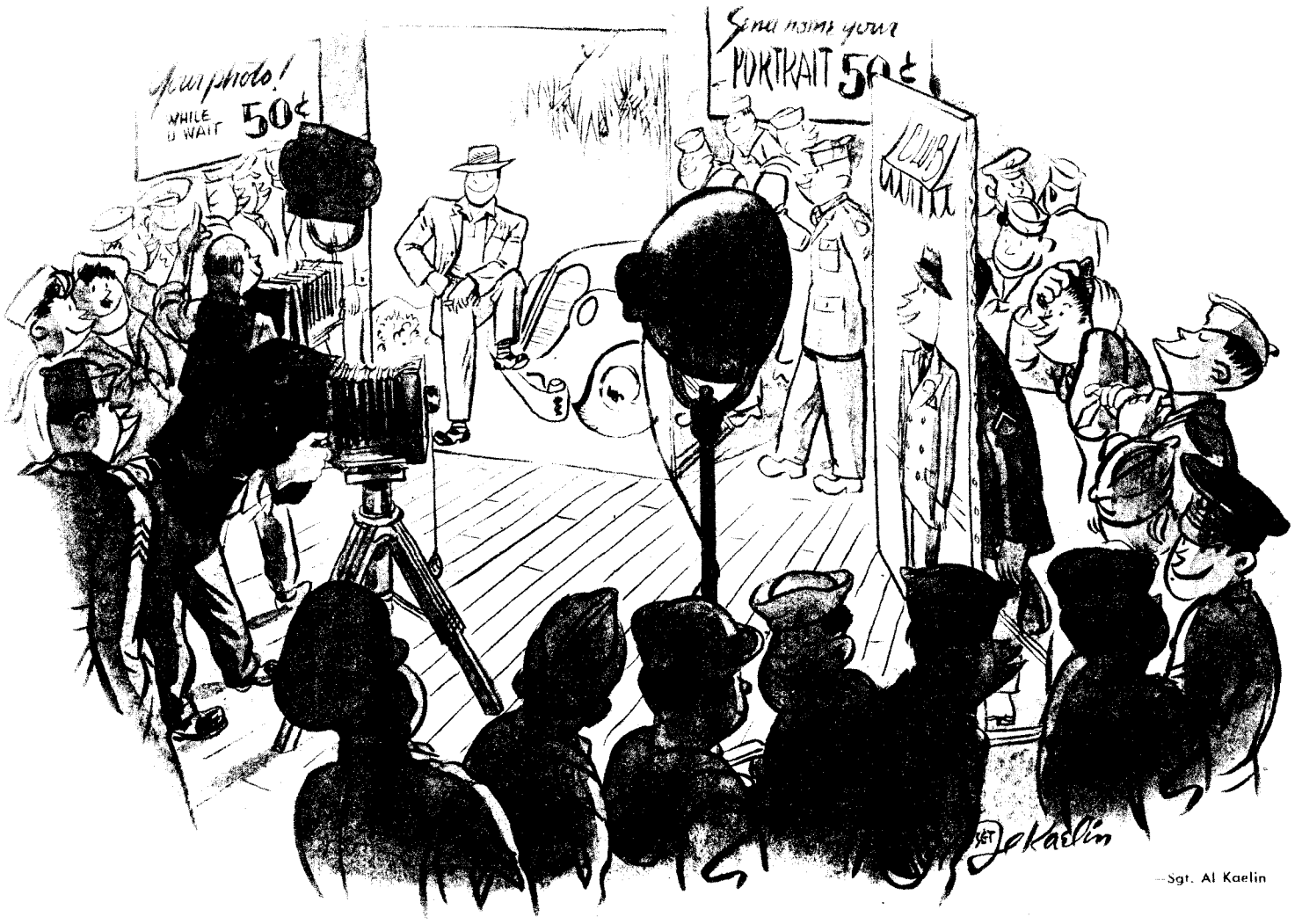
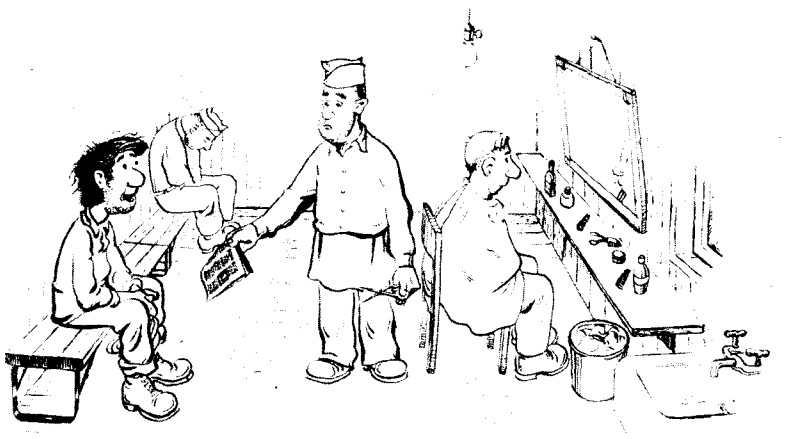


—Sgt. Al Kaelin



"NO, THANKS—I READ IT THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

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"HE'S ON PER DIEM."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

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